WIT WITHOVT MONEY.

A

COMEDIE,

As it hath been Presented with good Applause at the private house in *Drury Lane*, by Her Hajesties Servants.

Written by { *Francis Beamount* and *John Flecher.* } Gent.

The second Impression Corrected.

LONDON,
Printed for *Andrew Crooke*, at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Pauls-Church-Yard*, 1661.

The Actors names.

VAlentine, *a Gallant that will no be perſwaded to keep his eſtate.*
Franciſco, *his younger brother.*
Maſter Lovegood *their Vncle.*
A Merchant, *friend to Maſter* Lovegood.
Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbraine, *companions of* Valentine, *and ſutors to the* Widdow.
Lance *a Faulkner, and an ancient ſervant to* Valentines *Father.*
Shorthoſe *the Clown, and ſervant to the* Widdow.
Roger Ralph, *and* Humphery, *three ſervants to the* Widdow.
Three Servants. *Muſitians.*

Lady Hartwell *a Widdow.*
Iſabel *her Siſter.*
Luce *a waiting Genlewoman to the Widdow.*

VVIT
WITHOUT MONEY.

Actus 1. *Scæna.* 1.

Enter Vncle and Merchant.

Merchant,

When saw you *Valentine*?

Vncle Not since the Horserace, he's taken up with those that wooe the Widdow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people, he bore a worthy minde.

Vncle. Alas, he's sunk, his means are gone, he wants, and which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange.

Vnc. Runs Lunaticke, if you but talk of states, he cannot be brought now he has spent his own, to think theres inheritance, or means, but all a common riches, all men bound to be his Bailiffes:

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Vnc. No Gent. that has estate to use it in keeping house, or followers, for those wayes he cries against, for eating sins, dull surfets, cramming of serving men, mustering of beggars, maintain hospitals for Kites, and curs, grounding their fat faiths upon old Countrey proverbs, God bless the founders; these.

he would have ventured into more manly uſes. Wit, and carriage, and never thinks of ſtate, or means, the ground works: holding it monſtrous, men ſhould feed their bodies, and ſtarve their underſtandings.

Mer. Thats moſt certain.

Vnc. Yes, if he could ſtay there.

Mer. Why let him marry, and that way riſe again.

Vnc. Its moſt impoſſible, he will not look with any handſomeneſs upon a woman.

Mer. Is he ſo ſtrange to women.

Vnc. I know not what it is, a fooliſh glory he he has got, I know not where, to balk thoſe benefits, and and yet he will converſe and flatter um, make um, or fair, or foul, rugged, or ſmooth, as his impreſſion ſerves, for he affirms, they are only lumps, and undigeſted peeces, lickt over to a form, by our affections, and then they ſhow; The lovers let um paſs.

Enter Fount. Bella. Hair.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much promiſe; they are wondrous merry.

Vnc. O their hopes are high ſir.

Fount. Is *Valentine* come to Town.

Bella. Laſt night I heard,

Fou. We miſs him mounſtrouſly in our directions, for this Widdow, is as ſtately, and as crafty, and ſtands I warrant you.

Hair. Let her ſtand ſure, ſhe falls before us elſe, come lets go ſeek *Valentine*.

Mer. This Widdow ſeems a gallant:

Vnc. A goodly woman, and to her handſomneſs ſhe bears her ſtate, reſerved, and great Fortune has made her Miſtreſs of full means, and well ſhe knows to uſe it.

Mer. I would *Valentine* had her.

Vnc. Ther's no hope of that Sir.

Mer. A that condition, he had his morgage in again.

Vnc. I would he had.

Mer. Seek means, and ſee what Ile do, howevr let the money be paid in, I never ſought a Gentlemans undoing, nor eat the bread of other mens vexations, you told me of another brother:

Vnc.

Vnc. Yes sir, more miserable then he, for he has eat him, and drunk him up, a handsom Gentleman, and fine Scholar.

Enter three tenants.

Mer. What are these?

Vnc. The tenants, they'le do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepared, be earnest honest friends and loud upon him, he is deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him part of our minds ant pleas you.

Mer. Doe, and do it home, and in what my care may help, or my perswasions when we meet next.

Vnc. Do but perswade him fairly; and for your money, mine, and these mens thanks too, and what we can be able:

Mer. Y'are most honest, you shall find me no less, and so I leave you, prosper your business my friends. *Exit. Mer.*

Vnc. Pray heaven it may sir;

Lance. Nay if he will be mad, Ile be mad with him, and tell him that Ile not spare him, his Father kept good meat, good drink, good fellowes, good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome; kept him too, and supplied his prodigality, yet kept his state still, must we turn Tenants now, after we have lived under the race of Gentry, and maintaind good yeomantry, to some of the City, to a great shoulder of Mutton, and a Custard, and have our state turned into Cabbidge Gardens, must it be so:

Vnc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. Thats as he makes his game:

Vnc. Intreat him lovingly, and make him feel:

Lance. Ile pinch him to the bones else.

Valen. Within. And tell the Gentleman, Ile be with him presently, say I want money too, I must not fail boy.

Lance. You'l want clothes, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon, Ile read to him.

Vnc. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged, start him, but affright him not.

Val. Phew, are you there?

Unc. We come to see you Nephew, be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people? why all the world shall never make me rich more, nor master of these troubles.

Tenants. We beseech you for our poor childrens sake.

Val. VVho bid you get um: have you not threshing work enough, but children must be bang'd out oth' sheafe too, other men with all their delicates, and healthfull diets, can get but winde eggs: you with a clove of garlick, a piece of cheese, would break a saw; and sowre milk, can mount like Stallions, and I must maintain these tumblers.

Lance. You ought to maintain us, we have maintained you, and when you slept provided for you; who bought the silk you wear, I think our labours; reckon, youle finde it so: who found your horses perpetuall pots of ale, maintain'd your Taverns, and who extold you in the half crown boxes, where you might sit and muster all the Beauties, we had no hand in these; no, we are all puppies:
Your Tenants base vexations.

Val. Very well, sir.

Lance. Had you Land, sir, and honest men to serve your purposes, honest and faithfull, and will you run away from um, betray your self, and your poor tribe to misery; morgage all us, like old cloaks; where will you hunt next, you had a thousand acres, fair and open: The Kings Bench is enclosed, there's no good riding, the Counter is full of thorns and brakes, take heed sir, and bogges, you'l quickly finde what broth they're made of.

Val. Y'are short and pithy.

Lance. They say y'are a fine Gentleman, & excellent judgement, they report you have a wit; keep your self out oth' rain, and take your cloak with you, which by interpretation is your state sir, or I shall think your fame belied you, you have money, and may have means.

Val. I prethee leave prating, does my good lye within thy braine to further, or my undoing in thy pity: goe, goe, get you home, there whistle to your horses, and let them edifie; away, sow hempe, to hang your selves withall, what

am

am I to you or you to me; am I your Landlord, puppies?

Unc. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmercifull you: to vex me with these bacon broth and puddings, they are the walking shapes of all my sorrowes.

3 Tenants. Your Fathers VVorship would have used us better.

Val. My Fathers worship was a fool.

Lanc. Hey, hey boyes, old *Valentine* ifaith, the old boy still.

Unc. Fie Cosen.

Val. I meane besotted to his state, he had never left me the misery of so much meanes else, which till I sold, was a meere meagrome to me: If you will talk, turne out these tenants, they are as killing to my nature Uncle, as water to a feaver.

Lance. VVe will go, but it is like Rams, to come again the stronger, and you shall keep your state:

Val. Thou lyest, I will not.

Lance. Sweet sir, thou lyest, thou shalt, and so good morrow. *Exeunt Tenants.*

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding, now to your businesse Uncle.

Unc. To your state then.

Val. Tis gone, and I am glad on't, name it no more, tis that I pray against; and Heaven has heard me, I tell you sir, I am more fearful of it, I mean of thinking of more lands, or livings, than sickly men are travelling a Sundayes, for being quell'd with Carriers, out upon't, *caveat emptor*, let the fool out-sweat it, that thinks he has got a catch on't.

Unc. This is madnesse to be a wilfull begger.

Val. I am mad then, and so I mean to be, will that content you? How bravely now I live, how jocund, how neare the first inheritance, without feares, how free from title-troubles.

Unc. And from means too.

Val. Meanes, why all good men's my meanes; my wit's my plow, the Town's my stock, Taverns my standing-house, and all the world knows there's no want; all Gentlemen that

love ſociety, love me; all purſes that wit and pleaſure opens, are my Tennants; every mans clothes fit me, the next fair lodging, is but my next remove, and when I pleaſe to be more eminent, and take the air, a peece, is levied, and a Coach prepared, and I go I care not whether, what need ſtate here.

Vnc. But ſay theſe means were honeſt, will they laſt ſir.

Val. Far longer then your jerkin, and wear fairer, ſhould I take ought of you, tis true, I beg'd now, or which is worſe then that, I ſtole a kindneſs, and which is worſt of all, I loſt my way i'nt, your mindes encloſed nothing lies open nobly, your very thoughts are Hindes that work on nothing but daily ſweat, and trouble: were my way ſo full of dirt as this, tis true I ſhifted; are my acquaintance Graſiers: but ſir, know no man that I am allied too, in my living, but makes it equal, whether his own uſe, or my neceſſity pull firſt, nor is this forc'd, but the meer quality and poyſure of goodneſs, anddo you think I venture nothing equal.

Vnc. You poſe me Coſen.

Val. What's my knowledge Vncle, iſt not worth money, what's my underſtanding, travel, reading, wit, all theſe digeſted, my daily making men, ſome to ſpeak, that too much flegme had frozen up, ſome that ſpoke too much, to hold their peace, and put their tongues to penſious, ſome to wear their cloths, and ſome to keep um, theſe are nothing Vncle; beſides theſe wayes, to teach the way of nature, a manly love, community to all that are deſervers, not examining how much, or what's done for them, tis wicked, and ſuch a one like you, chewes his thoughts doule, making um onely food for his repentance.

Enter two ſervants.

1. *Ser.* This cloak and hat ſir, and my Maſters love.

Val. Commend's to thy Maſter, and take that, and leave um at my lodging.

1. I ſhall do it ſir.

Val. I do not think of theſe things:

2. *Ser.* Pleaſe you ſir, I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me, drink that and commend me to thy Maſter,

ſter; look you Vncle, do I beg theſe:

Vnc. No ſure tis your worth ſir.

Val. Tis like enough, but pray ſatisfie me, are not theſe wayes as honeſt as perſecuting the ſtarved inheritance, with muſty Corne, the very rats were fain to run away from, or ſelling rotten wood by the pound, like ſpices, which Gentlemen do after burn byt'h ounces, do not I know your way of feeding beaſts, with graines, and windy ſtuff, to blow up Butchers, your racking Paſtures, that have eaten up as many ſinging Shepherds, and their iſſues, as *Andeluria* breeds; theſe are authentique, I tell you ſir, I would not change wayes with you, unleſs it were to ſell your ſtate that hour, and if it were poſſible to ſpend it then too, for all your Beans in *Rumnillo*, now you know me.

Vnc. I would you knew your ſelf, but ſince you are grown ſuch a ſtrange enemy, to all that fits you, give me leave to make your brothers fortune.

Val. How?

Vnc. From your morgage, which yet you may recover, Ile the means.

Val. Pray ſave your labour ſir, my brother and my ſelf, will run one fortune, and I think what I hold a meer vexation, cannot be ſafe for him, I love him better, he has wit at will, the world has means, he ſhall live without this trick of ſtate, we are heirs both, and all the World before us.

Vnc. My laſt offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What i'ſt, and then Ile anſwer.

Vnc. What think you of a Wife yet to reſtore you, and tell me ſeriouſly without theſe trifles.

Val. And you can finde one, that can pleaſe my fancy, you ſhall not find me ſtubborn.

Vnc. Speak your Woman.

Val. One without eyes, that is ſelf commendations, for when they finde they are handſome, they are unwholſome, one without eares, not giving time to flatterers, for ſhe that hears her ſelf commended, wavers, and points men out a way to make um wicked, one without ſubſtance of her ſelf,

that woman without the pleasure of her life, thats wanton, though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass the eyes of honest men, not her own admiration, all her ends obedience all her hours new blessings, if there may be such a woman:

Vnc. Yes there may be.

Val. And without state too.

Vnc. You are disposed to trifle, well, fare you well sir, when you want me next, you'l seek me out a better sence.

Val. Fare well Vncle, and as you love your estate, let not me hear ont: *Exit.*

Vnc. It shall not trouble yo, Ile watch him still,
And when his friends fall off: then bend his will. *Exit.*

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now, your sister has ingrost all the brave Lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithall, much good may't do her, prethee speak softly, we are open to mens ears:

Luce. Fear not, we are safe, we may see all that pass, hear all, and make our selves merry with their language, and yet stand undiscovered, be not melancholly, you are as fair as she.

Isab. Who I, I thank you, I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubberd, my sister is a goodly portly Lady, a woman of a presence, she spread sattens, as the Kings ships do canvas, every where she may spare me her misen, and her bonnets, strike her main Patticoate, and yet outsail me, I am a Carvel to her.

Luce. But a tight one:

Isab. She is excellent, well built too.

Luce. And yet shees old.

Isab. Shee never saw above one voyage *Luce*, and credit me after another, her Hull will serve again, a right good Merchant: she plaies, and sings too, dances and discourses, comes very neer Essays, a pretty Poet, begins to piddle with Phylosophie, a subtil Chimicke Wench, and can extract the Spirit of mens Estates, she has the light before her, and cannot miss her choice, for me tis reason, I wait my mean fortune.

Luce

Luce. You are so bashfull.

Isab. It is not at first word up and ride, thou art cosen'd, that would shew mad I faith, besides, we lose the main part of our polliticke government, if we become provokers, then we are fair, and fit for mens imbraces, when like towns, they lie before us ages, yet not carried, hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too without the loss of honour, and march off with our fair wedding: Colours flying, Who are these?

Enter Franc. and Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.

Isa. Prethee peace then, a well built Gentleman.

Luce. But poorly thatcht.

Lance. Has he devoured you too?

Fran. Has gulp'd me down *Lance.*

Lance. Left you no means to study?

Franc. Not a farthing: dispatcht my poor annuity I thank him, heres all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings.

Lan. You are fit for great mens services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'le take me, thus mens miseries are now accounted stains in their natures, I have travelled, and I have studied long, observed all kingdoms, know all the promises of Art and manners, yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter, I shall not thrive, all these are but vain Studies, art thou so rich as to get me a lodging *Lance*?

Lan. Ile sell the titles of my house else, my Horse, my Hawk, nay's death Ile pawn my wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*, that I should see your Fathers house fall thus.

Isab. An honest fellow.

Lan. Your Fathers house, that fed me, that bred up all my (name.

Isab. A gratefull fellow.

Lan. And fall by.

Fran. Peace, I know you are angry *Lance*, but I must not hear with whom, he is my brother, and though you hold him slight, my most dear brother: A gentleman excepting some few rubs, he were too excellent to live here else, fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts, the issues of a noble and manly spirit as any he a live, I must not hear you, though I

am miſerable, and ha made me ſo, yet ſtill he is my brother, ſtill I love him, and to that tye of blood linke my affections.

Iſab. A noble nature, doſt thou know him *Luce?*

Luce. No Miſtreſs.

Iſab. Thou ſhouldeſt ever know ſuch good men, what a fair body and mind, are married; did he not ſay he wanted.

Luce. What 's that to you?

Iſab. Tis true, but tis great pity.

Luce. How ſhe changes, ten thouſand more than he, as handſom men too.

Iſab. Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman among ten thouſand thouſand, is there no kowing him; why ſhould he want? fellowes of no merit, ſlight and puft ſolus, that walk like ſhadowes, by leaving no print of what they are, or poiſe, let them complain.

Luce. Her colour changes ſtrangly.

Iſab. This man was made, to mark his wants to waken us, alas poor Gentleman, but will that keep him from cold and hunger, beleeve me he is well bred, and cannot be but of a noble linnage, mark him, mark him well.

Luce. 'Is a handſome man.

Iſab. The ſweetneſs of his ſuffrance ſets him off, O *Luce*, but whether go I.

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Iſab. I would he had what I can ſpare.

Luce. Tis charitable.

Lance. Come ſir, Ile ſee you lodg'd, you have tied my tongue faſt, Ile ſteal before you want, tis but a hanging.

Iſab. That's a good fellow too, an honeſt fellow, why, this would move a ſtone, I muſt needs know; but that ſome other time. *Exit Lance, and Frank.*

Luce Is the winde there? that makes for me.

Iſab. Come, I forgot a buſineſs.

Actus 2. Scæna 1.

Enter Widow and Luce.

Wid. MY sister, and a woman of so base a pity, what was the fellow?

Luce. Why an ordinary man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

Luce. Poor enough, and no man knowes from whence neither.

Wid. What could she see?

Luce. Onely his misery, for else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

Wid. Did she change much?

Luce. Extreamly, when he spoke, and then her pity, like an Orator, I fear her love framed such a commendation, and followed it so far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers, that she must doat upon afflictions: why does she not go romage all the prisons, and there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonnesse, and flie her honour, common both to beggery: did she speak to him?

Luce. No, he saw us not, but ever since, she hath been mainly troubled.

Wid. Was he young?

Luce. Yes, young enough.

Wid. And looked he like a Gentleman?

Luce. Like such a Gentleman, that would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.

Wid. My sister, and sink basely; this must not be, does she use means to know him?

Luce. Yes Madam, and has employed a Squire called *Shorthose.*

Wid. O that's a precious Knave, keep all this private, but still be neer her lodging; *Luce*, what you can gather by any means, let me understand; Ile stop her heat, and turn her charity another way, to blesse her selfe first, be still close to

her counsels; a begger and a stranger, there's a blessednesse, Ile none of that; I have a toy yet, sister, shall tell you this is foule, and make you finde it, and for your paines take you the last gowne I wore; this makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy.

Enter Fountaine, Bellamore, Harebraine, Valentine.

Fount. Sirra, we have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee; this widow is the strangest thing, the statelyest, and stands so much upon her excellencies.

Bell. She hath put us off, this moneth now, for an answer.

Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her, no, not say, Good morrow, nor Good even, till thats past.

Val. She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you: are you good at nothing, but these after-games? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these widows——

Hare. If we had um.

Val. Why the Devil has not craft enough to wooe um, there be three kinds of fools, mark this note Gentlemen, mark it, and understand it.

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val. An Innocent, a Knave fool, a Fool politick: the last of which are lovers, widow lovers.

Bell. Will you allow no Fortune?

Val. No such blind one.

Fount. We gave you reasons, why twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those fools, I did allow those reasons, but as my Schollars and Companions damn'd um: do you know what it is to wooe a widow? answer me coolely now, and understandingly.

Hare. Why to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

Val. Why there you are fools still, crafty to catch your selves, pure politick fools, I lookt for such an answer; once more hear me, it is to wed a widow, to be doubted mainly, whether the state you have be yours or no, or those old boots you ride in. Mark me, widowes are long extents in Law upon newes, livings upon their bodies winding-sheets, they that enjoy um, lie but with dead mens monuments, and beget onely

their owne ill Epitaphs: Is not this plain now?

Bell. Plain ſpoken.

Val. And plain truth, but if you'le needs do things of danger, do but looſe your ſelves, not any part concerns your underſtandings, for then you are Meacocks, fools, and miſerable, march off amain, within an inch of a Fircug, turn me oth' toe like a VVeather-cock, kill every day a Sergeant for a twelve moneth, rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls, and theſe will make a ſhew.

Hare. And theſe are trifles.

Val. Conſidered to a VVidow, empty nothings, for here you venture but your perſons, there the varniſh of your perſons, your diſcretions; why tis a monſtrous thing to marry at all, eſpecially as now tis made, me thinks a man, an underſtanding man, is more wiſe to me, and of a nobler tie, than all theſe trinkets, what do we get by women, but our ſenſes, which is the rankeſt part about us ſatisfied, and when that's done, what are we? Creſt fallen Cowards. VVhat beneſit can children be, but charges and diſobedience? VVhat's the love they render at one and twenty years? I pray die father: when they are young, they are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noiſe and giddineſſe; and come to years once, there drops a ſon, byth' ſword in his Miſtreſſes quarrell, a great joy to his parents: A daughter ripe too, growes high and luſty in her blood, muſt have a heating, runs away with a ſupple ham'd Servingman: his twenty Nobles ſpent, takes to a trade, and learns to ſpin mens hair off; theres another, and moſt are of this nature, will you marry?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

Val. And this ſame VVidow?

Fount. If I may, and me thinks, however you are pleaſed to diſpute theſe dangers, ſuch a warm match, and for you, ſir, were not hurtfull.

Val. Not half ſo killing as for you, for me ſhe cannot with all the Art ſhe has, make me more miſerable, or much more fortunate, I have no ſtate left, a benefit that none of you can brag of, and there's the Antidote againſt a VVidow, nothing to loſe, but that my ſoul

inherits, which she can neither law nor claw away to that, but little flesh, it were too much else; and that unwholsom too, it were too rich else; and to all this contempt of what she do's I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers, hear her without a faith, so pity her as if she were a Traytour, moane her person, but deadly hate her pride; if you could do these, and had but this discretion, and like fortune, it were but an equal venture.

Fount. This is malice.

Val. When she lies with your land, and not with you, growes great with joyntures, and is brought to bed with all the state you have, you'le find this certain; but is it come to passe you must marry, is there no buffe will hold you?

Bel. Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer evil, take a maid, a maid not worth a penny; make her yours, knead her, and mould her yours, a maid worth nothing, there's a vertuous spell in that word nothing; a maid makes conscience of half a Crown a week for pi.s and puppits, a maid will be content with one Coach and two Horses, not falling out because they are not matches; with one man satisfied, with one rein guided, with one faith, one content, one bed, aged she makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue; a widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.

Val. You are my friends, and all my loving friends, I spend your money, yet I deserve it too, you are my friends still, I ride your horses, when I want I sell um; I eat your meat, help to wear her linnen, sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal, for which Ile do you this commodity, be ruled, and let me try her, I will discover her, the truth is, I will never leave to trouble her, till I see through her, then if I find her worthy.

Hare. This was our meaning *Valentine.*

Val. 'Tis done then, I must want nothing.

Hare. Nothing but the woman.

Val. No jealousie, for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him; and the Flesh foolisher, come let's to dinner,

dinner, and when I am well whetted with wine, have at her.

Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Isab. But art thou sure.

Luce. No surer then I heard.

Hare. That it was that flouting fellowes brother.

Luce. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

He did scarce out the truth.

Lece. It seems he did.

Har. Prethe *Lu*: call him hether, if he be no worse, I never repent my pity; now sirra, what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman ith black.

Enter Shorthose.

Shrot. Ith torn black.

Isa. Yes, the same sir.

Short. What would your Worship with him.

Isa. Why, my Worship would know his name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing, he is a man, and yet he is no man.

Isa. You must needs play the fool:

Short. 'Tis my profession.

Isa. How is he a man, and no man.

Short. Hees a begger, only the signe of a man, the bush puld down, which showes the house stands emptie.

Isa. 'Whats his calling?

Short. They call him begger:

Isa. Whats his kindred:

Short. Beggers.

Isa. His worth.

Short. A learned begger, a poor Scholler:

Isab. How does he live.

Short. Like wormes, he eats old Books.

Isa. Is *Valentine* his brother.

Short. His beging brother.

Isa. What may his name be?

Short. Orson.

Isa. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Isa.

Isab. Once more tell me his name directly:

Short. Ile be hangd first, unless I heard him Christned, but I can tell what foolish people call him.

Isa. What?

Short Francisco.

Isa. Where lies this learning, sir?

Short. In *Pauls* Church yard forsooth.

Isa. I mean that Gentleman, fool.

Short. O that fool, he lies in loose sheets every where, that's no where.

Luce. You have gleand since you came to *London*, in the Countrey, *Shorthose*, you were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcombe, here every Tavern teaches you, the pint pot has so belaboured you with wit, your brave acquaintance that gives you Ale, so fortified your mazard, that now theres no talking to you.

Isa. Is much improved, a fellow, a fine discourser.

Short. I hope so, I have not waited at the tail of wit, so long to be an Asse.

Luc. But say now, *Shorthose*, my Lady should remove into the Countrey.

Short. I had as lieve she should remoove to heaven, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchoves, nor Master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady such-a-ones chief Chambermaid.

Isa. No bouncing healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shorthose*, nor down oth knees to that illustrious Lady.

Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of drawer, carry this pottle to my father, *Shorthose.*

Isa. No playes, nor gally foistes, no strange Embassadors to run and wonder at, till thou beest oyle, and then come home again, and lye both Legend.

Luce. Say she should go.

Short. If I say, Ile be hangd, or if I thought she would go?

Luce. What?

Short. I would go with her.

Luce.

Luce. But *Shorthose*, where thy heart is:

Isab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this hand Mistris tis a noise, a loud one too, and from her own mouth, presently to be gone too, but why, or to what end?

Short. May not a man die first, shee'l give him so much time.

Isab. Gon ot'h sudden; thou dost but jest, she must not mock the Gentlemen.

Luce. Shee has put them off a moneth, thy dare not see her, beleeve me Mistris, what I hear I tell you.

Isab. Is this true wench? gone on so short a warning, what trick is this, she never told me of it, it must not be: sirra, attend me presently, you know I have been a carefull friend unto you, attend me in the Hall, and next be faithful, cry not, we shall not go.

Short. Her Coach may crack.

Enter Vallentine, Francisco, and Lance.

Val. Which way to live, how darest thou come to town, to ask such an idle question?

Fran. Me thinks tis necessary, unless you could restore that Annuitie you have tipled up in Taverns:

Val. Where hast thou been, and how brought up *Francisco*, that thou talkest thus out of *France*? thou wert a pretty fellow, and of a hansome knowledge; who has spoyled thee?

Lan. He that has spoil'd himself, to make him sport, and by Copie, will spoil all coms neer him, buy but a Glass, if you be yet so wealthy, and look there who?

Val. Well said old Copihold.

Lan. My hearts good Freehold sir, and so you'l find it, this Getleman's your brother, your hopeful brother, for there is no hope of you, use him thereafter:

Val. En'e as well as I use my self, What wouldst thou have *Francke*.

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?

Lan. Hark what he saies to you, O try your wits, they say you are excellent at it, for your Land has lain long bed-rid, and unsensible.

Fran. And ile forget all wrongs, you see my state, and to what wretchedness, your will has brought me; but what it may be, by this benefit, if timely done, and like a noble brother, both you and I may feel, and to our comforts:

Val. (A hundred pound) dost thou know what thou hast said boy?

Fran. I said a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more, then any man can justifie beleeve it, procure a hundred pounds, I say to thee, ther's no such sum in nature, forty shillings there may be now ith Mint and that's a treasure, I have seen five pound, but let me tell it, and tis as wonderfull, as Calves with five legges, her's five shillings *Francke*, the harvest of five weeks, and a good crop too, take it, and pay thy first fruits, Ile come down and eat it out.

Fran. Tis patience must meet with you sir, not love.

Lanc. Deal roundly, and leave these fiddle faddles:

Val. Leave thy prating, thou thinkest thou art a notable wise fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow Hawke; two of the reverent.

Lan. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be, with the next moon, what would you have him do?

Val. How?

Lan. To get money first, that's to live, you have shewed him how to want.

Val. Slife how do I live, why, what dull fool would ask that question, three hundred three pilds more, I and live bravely, the better half oth town, and live most gloriously, ask them what states they have, or what annuiries, or when they pray for seasonable harvests, thou hast a handsome wit, stir into the World, *Francke*, stir, stir, for shame, thou art a pretty Schollar, ask how to live, write, write, write any thing, the Worlds a fine beleeving World, write Newes.

Lan. Dragons in *Sussex* sir, or fiery battels seen in the air at *Aspurg*.

Val. Theres the way *Francke*, and in the tail of these, fright me the Kingdome with a sharp Prognostication, that shall scowr them, dearth upon dearth, like leven taffaties, predictions

dictions of Sea-breaches, wars, and want of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

Lan. Whirl-winds, that shall take off the top of *Grantham* steeple, and clap it on *Poules*, and after these, a Lenvoy to the City for their sins.

Val. Probatum est, thou canst not want a pension, go switch me up a Covey of young Schollars, there's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals, are not these ready wayes? Cosmography thou art deeply read in, draw me a map from the Mermaid, I mean a midnight map to scape the VVatches, and such long sensless examinations, and Gentlemen shall feed thee, right good Gentlemen, I cannot stay long.

Lan. You have read learnedly, and would you have him follow these megera's, did you begin with ballads?

Fran. VVell, I will leave you, I see my wants are grown ridiculous, yours may be so, I will not curse you neither; you may think, when these wanton fits are over, who bred me, and who ruined me, look to your self sir, a providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art passionate, hast thou been brought up with girls?

Enter Shorthose with a bag.

Short. Rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a view of you, I may put my spoon into the wrong pottage-pot else.

Val. VVhy, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, you are not he, you are a thought too handsom.

Lan. VVho wouldst thou speak withall, why doest thou peep so?

Short. I am looking birds nests, I can find none in your bush beard, I would speak with you, black Gentleman.

Fran. VVith me, my friend?

Short. Yes sure, and the best friend sir, it seems you spake withall this twelve-moneth, Gentleman, there's money for you.

Val. How?

Short. There's none for you sir, be not so brief, not a penny.

law how he itches at it, ſtand off, you ſtir my colour.

Lan. Take it, tis money.

Short. You are too quick too, firſt be ſure you have it, you ſeem to be a Faulkoner, but a fooliſh one.

Lan. Take it, and ſay nothing.

Short. You are coſen'd too, tis take it, and ſpend it.

Fran. From whom came it, ſir?

Short. Such another word, and you ſhall have none on't.

Fran. I thank you, ſir, I doubly thank you.

Short. Well ſir, then buy you better clothes, and get your hat dreſt, and your Laundreſs to waſh your boots white.

Fran. Pray ſtay ſir, may you not be miſtaken.

Short. I think I am, give me the money again, come quick, quick, quick.

Fran. I would be loth to render, till I am ſure it be ſo.

Short. Hark in your ear, Is not your name *Franciſco*?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then, it may thunder a hundred times, before ſuch ſtones fall: do you not need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it faſt, tis not fly-blown, you may pay for the poundage, you forget your ſelf, I have not ſeen a Gentleman ſo backward, a wanting Gentleman.

Fran. Your mercie, ſir.

Short. Friend, you have mercie, a whole bag full of mercie, be merry with it, and be wiſe.

Fran. I would fain, if it pleaſe you, but know.

Short. It does not pleaſe me, tell over your money, and be not mad, boy.

Val. You have no more ſuch bags.

Short. More ſuch there are, ſir, but few I fear for you, I have caſt your water, you have wit, you need no money. *Exit.*

Lan. Be not amazed, ſir, tis good gold, good old gold, this is reſtorative, and in good time, it comes to do you good, keep it and uſe it, let honeſt fingers feel it, yours be too quick ſir.

Fran. He named me, and he gave it me, but from whom.

Lan.

Lan. Let um send more, and then examine it, this can be but a preface.

Fran. Being a stranger, of whom can I deserve this?

Lan. Sir, of any man that has but eyes, and manly understanding to find mens wants, good men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, *Franke*, there are more wayes than certainties, now you beleeve: What plow brought you this harvest, what sale of timber, coals, or what annuities? These feed no Hinds, nor wait the expectation of quarter dayes, you see it showers into you, you are an asse, lie plodding, and lie fooling, about this Blazing Starr, and that bopeep, whyning, and fasting, to finde the naturall reason why a Dog turns twice about before he lie down, what use of these, or what joy in annuities, where every man's thy study, and thy tennant, I am ashamed on thee:

Lan. Yes I have seen this fellow, theres a wealthy Widdow hard by. *Val.* Yes marry is there.

Lan. I think hees her servant, or I am couzned else, I am sure ont.

Fran. I am glad ont.

Lan. She's a good woman.

Fran. I am gladder:

Lan. And young enough beleeve.

Fran. I am gladder of all sir.

Val. Francke, you shall lye with me soon.

Fran. I thank my money:

Lan. His money shall lie with me, three in a bed sir will be too much this weather.

Val. Meet me at the Mermaid, and thou shalt see what (things——

Lan. Trust to your self sir. *Exeunt Fran. and Vall.*

Enter Fount. Bella. and Valentine.

Fount. O *Vallentine.*

Val. How now, why do you look so?

Bella. The Widdowes going man.

Val. Why let her go man.

Hare. Shees going out oth Town.

Val. The Town's the happier, I would they were all gone.

Fount. We cannot come to speak with her,

Val.

Val. Not to ſpeak to her.

Bel. She will be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*

Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good *Val.*

Val. I had rather march ith' mouth oth' Cannon, but adiew, if ſhe be above ground, go, away to your prayers, away I ſay, away, ſhe ſhall be ſpoken withall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Shorthoſe with one boot on, Roger and Humphey.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthoſe.*

Short. Who can help it *Roger?*

Within Raph. *Roger*, help down with the hangings.

Rog. By and by *Raph*, I am making up oth' trunks here.

Raph. Shorthoſe.

Short. VVell.

Raph. VVho looks to my Ladies wardrobe? *Humphrey.*

Hum. Here.

Raph. Down with the boxes in the gallery, and bring away the Coach cuſhions.

Short. Will it not rain, no conjuring abroad, nor no devices to ſtop this journey.

Rog. Why go now, why now, why oth ſudden, now what preparation, what horſes have we ready, what proviſion laid in it'h Countrey.

Hum. Not an egge I hope.

Rog. No nor one drop of good drink boyes, ther's the devil.

Short. I hartily pray the malt be muſty, and then we muſt come (up again.

Hum. What ſais the Steward?

Rog. Hee's at's wits end, for ſom four hours ſince, out of his haſte and providence, he miſtook the Millars mangie mare, for his own nagge.

Short. And ſhe may break his neck, and ſave the journey, oh *London* how I love thee.

Hum. I have no boots nor none Ile buy (or if I had) refuſe me if I would venture my ability, before a Cloak-Bag, men are men

Short. For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be aimed at, to carry any durty dary Cream-pot, or any gentle Lady of the Laundry, Chambring, or wantonneſs behinde my Gelding, with all her Streamers, Knapſacks, Glaſſeſs, Gugawes,

gawes, as if I were a running flippery, Ile give um leave to cut my girts, and flay me. Ile not be troubled with their Diſtibations, at every half miles end, I underſtand my ſelf, and am reſolved.

Hum. To morrow night at *Olivers*, who ſhall be there boys, who ſhall meet the wenches.

Rog. The well brew'd ſtand of Ale, we ſhould have met at.

Short. Theſe griefs like to another Tale of *Troy*, would mollifie the hearts of barbarous people, and Tom Butcher weep, *Eneas enters*, and now the towns loſt.

Ral. Why whether run you, my Lady is mad.

Short. I would ſhe were in Bedlam.

Ral. The carts are come, no hands to help to load um, the ſtuff lies in the hall, the plate:

Within Widdow. Why knaves there, where be theſe idle fellowes

Short. Shall I ride with one Boot.

Wid. Why where I ſay:

Rnl. Away, away, it muſt be ſo.

Short. O for a tickling ſtorm, to laſt but ten dayes. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scæna. 1.

Enter Iſabella and Luce.

Luce. BY my troth Miſtris I did it for the beſt:

Iſab. It may be ſo, but *Luce*, you have a tongue: a diſh of meat in your mouth, which if it were minced *Luce*, would do a great deal better.

Luce. I proteſt Miſtreſs.

Iſa. It will be your own one time or other: *Walter.*

Walter within: Anon forſooth.

Iſa. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak, you are ſo full of providence; and *Walter*, tuck up my little box behind the Coach, and bid my maid make ready, my ſweet ſervice to your good Lady Miſtreſs; and my dog, good let the Coachman carry him.

Luce. But hear me.

Iſa. I am in love ſweet *Luce*, and you are ſo skilfull, that I muſt

must needs undo my self; and hear me, let *Oliver* pack up my Glass discreetly, and see my Curles well carried, O sweet *Luce*, you have a tongue, and open tongues haveopen you know what, *Luce*.

Luce. Pray you be satisfied.

Isab. Yes and contented too, before I leave you: ther's a *Roger*, which some call a Butcher, I speak of certainties, I do not fish *Luce*, nay do not stare, I have a tongue can talk too: and a Green Chamber *Luce*, a back door opens to a long Gallerie; there was a night *Luce*, do you perceive, do you perceive me yet: O do you blush *Luce*, a Friday night I saw your Saint *Luce*; for tother box of Marmaladde, all's thine sweet *Roger*, this I heard and kept too.

Luce. Ev'e as you are a woman Mistress.

Isab. This I allow as good and Physicall sometime these meetings, and for the cheering of the heart; but *Luce*, to have your own turn served, and to your friend to be a dogbolt.

Luce. I confess it Mistress.

Isab. As you have made my sister Jealous of me, and foolishly, and childishly pursued it, I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes, for which mine honour suffers, your best waies must be applied to bring her back again, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have a means to clear my self, and she a a fair opinion of me, else you peevish——

Luce. My power and prayers Mistress.

Isab. Whats the matter?

Enter Shorthose and Widdow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it, much good may do him with it.

Wid. Come are you ready, you love so to delay time, the day growes on.

Isab. I have sent for a few trifles, when those are come; And now I know your reason.

Wid. Know your own honour then, about your business, see the Coach ready presently, Ile tell you more then;

Exit Luce and Shorthose.

And understand it well, you must not think your sister, so

tender

tender eyed as not to see your follies, alas I know your heart, and must imagine, and truly too; tis not your charitie can coin such sums to give away as you have done, in that you have no wisdome *Isabel*, no nor modesty where nobler uses are at home; I tell you, I am ashamed to finde this in your yeers, far more in your discretion, none to chuse but things for pittie, none to seal your thoughts on, but one of no abiding, of no name; nothing to bring you to but this, cold and hunger: A jolly Joynture sister, you are happy, no mony, no not ten shillings.

Isa. You search neerly.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one that know not where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest, unless it be it'h stocks; what kindred has he, but a more wanting brother, or what vertues.

Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see sister.

Wid. Or say the man had vertue, is vertue in this age a full inheritance: what Joynture can he make you, *Plutarchs Morals*, or so much penny rent in the small Poets, this is not well, tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isa. And this you quit the town for.

VVid. Ist not time?

Isa. You are better read in my affairs than I am, thats all I have to answer, Ile go with you, and willingly, and what you think most dangerous, Ile sit laugh at.
For sister tis not folly but good discretion governs our main fortunes.

VVid. I am glad to hear you say so.

Isa. I am for you.

Enter Shortbose and Humphrey with riding rods.

Hum. The Devil cannot stay her shee'l ont, eat an egge now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray, may *London* wayes from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack their wheels, may zealous Smiths so housel all our Hackneys, that they may feel compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate, may it rain above all Almanacks till Carriars sail, and the Kings Fishmonger ride like *Bike Arion* up-

on a Trout to *London*.

Hum. At S. *Albones*, let all the Ins be drunk, not an Hoſt ſober to bid her worſhip welcome.

Short. Not a Fiddle, but all preach't down with Puritanes; no meat but Legs of Beef.

Hum. No beds but Wooll-Packs.

Short. And thoſe ſo crammed with Warrens of ſtarved Fleas that bite like Bandogs; let *Mims* be angry at their S. *Bel-Swagger*, and we paſs in the heat ont and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten horſe and man, and all my Ladies linnen ſprinkled with ſuds and diſhwater.

Short. Not a wheel but out of joynt.

Enter Roger laughing.

Hum. Why doſt thou laugh.

Rog. Thers a Gentleman, and the rareſt Gentleman, and makes the rareſt ſport. *Short*, Where, where?

Rog. Within here, has made the gayeſt ſport with *Tom* the Coachman, ſo tewed him up with Sack that he lies laſhing a But of Malmſie for his Mares.

Short. Tis very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and ſings the rareſt ſongs, and *Short* thoſe, he has ſo mauld the Red Deer pies, made ſuch an alms ith butterie.

Short. Better ſtill. *Enter Vall. Widdow.*

Hum. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman.

Short. May he anger her into a feather. *Exeunt.*

Wid. I pray tell me, who ſent you hither? for I imagine it is not your condition you look ſo temperately, and like a Gentleman, to ask me theſe milde queſtions.

Val. Do you think I uſe to walk of errands gentle Lady, or deal with women out of dreams from others.

Wid. You have not known me ſure?

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reaſon have you then to be ſo tender of my credit, you are no kinſman?

Val. If you take it ſo, the honeſt office that I came to do you, is not ſo heavie but I can return it: now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my viſit.

Wid.

Wid. Pray ſtay, a little proud.

Val. Monſtrous proud, I grieve to hear a woman of your value, and your abundant parts ſtung by the people, but now I ſee tis true, you look upon me as if I were a rude and ſaucie fellow that borrowed all my breeding from a dunghil, or ſuch a one, as ſhould now fall and worſhip you in hope of pardon: you are cozen'd Lady, I came to prove opinion a loud liar, to ſee a woman onely great in goodneſs, and Miſtreſs of a greater fame then fortune, but===

Wid. You are a ſtrange Gentleman, if I were proud now, I ſhould be monſtrous angry, which I am not, and ſhew the effects of pride; I ſhould deſpiſe you, but you are welcome ſir: To think well of our ſelves, if we deſerve it, it is a luſter in us, and every good we have, ſtrives to ſhew gracious, what uſe is it elſe, old age like Seer-trees, is ſeldome ſeen affected, ſtirs ſometimes at rehearſal of ſuch acts as his daring youth endeadeavour'd.

Val. This is well, and now you ſpeak to the purpoſe, you pleaſe me, but to be place proud:

Wid. If it be our own, why are we ſet here with diſtinction elſe, degrees, and orders given us? In you men, tis held a coolneſſe, if you loſe your right affronts and loſſe of honor: ſtreets, and walls, and upper ends of tables, had they tongues could tell what blood has followed, and what fewd about your ranks; are we ſo much below you, that till you have us, are the tops of nature, to be accounted drones without a difference? you will make us beaſts indeed.

Val. Nay worſe than this too, proud of your cloathes, they ſwear a Mercers Lucifer, a tumour tackt together by a Taylour, nay yet worſe, proud of red and white, a varniſh that buttermilk can better.

Wid. Lord, how little will vex theſe poor blind people, if my cloathes be ſometimes gay and glorious, does it follow, my minde muſt be my Mercers too, or ſay my beauty pleaſe ſome weak eyes, muſt it pleaſe them to think that blowes me up, that every hour blowes off: this is an Infants anger.

Val. Thus they ſay too, what though you have a Coach

lined through with velvet, and four fair Flanders mares, why ſhould the ſtreets be troubled continually with you, till Carmen curſe you, can there be ought in this but pride of ſhew Lady, and pride of bum-beating, till the learned Lawyers with their fat bags, are thruſt againſt the bulks till all their cauſes crack? why ſhould this Lady, and t'other Lady, and the third ſweet Lady, and Madam at Mile-end, be daily viſited, and your poorer neighbours, with courſe napſes neglected, faſhions conferr'd about, pouncings, and paintings, and young mens bodies read on like Anatomies.

Wid. You are verie credulous, and ſomewhat deſperate, to deliver this ſir, to her you know not, but you ſhall confeſſe me, and find I will not ſtart; in us all meetings lie open to theſe lewd reports, and our thoughts at Church, our verie meditations ſome will ſwear, which all ſhould fear to judge, at leaſt uncharitably, are mingled with your memories, cannot ſleep; but this ſweet Gentleman ſwims in our fancies, that ſcarlet man of war, and that ſmooth Senior; not dreſſe our heads without new ambuſhes, how to ſurprize that greatneſſe, or that glorie; our verie ſmiles are ſubject to conſtructions; nay ſir, its come to this, we cannot piſh, but tis a favour for ſome fool or other: ſhould we examine you thus, wert not poſſible to take you without Proſpectives.

Wid. It may be, but theſe excuſe not.

Wid. Nor yours force no truth ſir, what deadly tongues you have, and to thoſe tongues what hearts, and what inventions? Ah my conſcience, and 'twere not for ſharp juſtice, you would venture to aim at your own mothers, and account it glorie to ſay you had done ſo; all you think are counſells, and cannot erre, 'tis we ſtill that ſhew double, giddy, or gorg'd with paſſion; we that build Babels for mens concluſions, we that ſcatter, as day does his warm light; our killing curſes over Gods creatures, next to the Devils malice: lets intreat your good words.

Val. Well, this woman has a brave ſoul.

Wid. Are not we gaily bleſt then, and much beholding to you for your ſubſtance; you may do what you liſt, we what beſeems us, and narrowly do that too, and preciſely, our

names,

names are ſerved in elſe at Ordinaries, and belcht abroad in Tayerns.

Val. O moſt brave Wench, and able to redeem an age o women.

VVid. You are no Whoremaſters, alas no Gentlemen, it were an impudencie to think you vicious; you are ſo holy, handſome Ladies fright you, you are the cool things of the time, the temperance, meer emblemes of the Law, and vales of Vertue, you are not daily mending like Dutch watches, and plaſtering like old walls; they are not Gentlemen, that with their ſecret ſinnes increaſe our Surgeons, and lie in forraine Countries, for new ſores; women are all theſe vices; you are not envious, falſe, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious, drunken, revengefull, giddie-eyed, like Parrats, eaters of others honours.

Val. You are angrie.

VVid. No by my troth, and yet I could ſay more too, for when men make me angrie, I am miſerable.

Val. Sure 'tis a man, ſhe could not bear it thus bravely elſe, it may be I am tedious.

Wid. Not at all ſir, I am content at this time you ſhould trouble me.

Val. You are diſtruſtfull.

VVid. Where I find no truth, ſir.

Val. Come, come, you are full of paſſion.

VVid. Some I have, I were too neer the nature a god elſe.

Val. You are monſtrous peeviſh.

VVid. Becauſe they are monſtrous fooliſh, and know not how to uſe that ſhould trie me.

Val. I was never anſwered thus, was you never drunk Lady?

VVid. No ſure, not drunk ſir; yet I love good wine, as I love health and joy of heart, but temperately, why do you ask that queſtion?

Val. For that ſin that they moſt charge you with, is this ſins ſervant, they ſay you are monſtrous.

VVid. What ſir, what?

Val. Moſt ſtrangely.

Wid. It has a name ſure.

Val. Infinitely luſtfull, without all bounds, they ſwear you kild your husband.

Wid. Let us have it all for Heavens ſake, tis good mirth ſir.

Val. They ſay you will have four now, aud thoſe four ſtuck in four quarters, like four winds to cool you; will ſhe not cry nor curſe?

Wid. On with your Story.

Val. And that you are forcing out of diſpenſations with ſums of money to that purpoſe.

Wid. Four husbands, ſhould not I be bleſt ſir; for example, Lord, what ſhould I do with them? turn a malt-mill, or tithe them out like Town-buls to my tenants, you come to make me angry, but you cannot.

Val. Ile make you merry then, you are a brave woman, and in deſpite of envie a right one, go thy wayes, truth thou art as good a woman, as any Lord of them all can lay his leg over, I do not often commend your Sex.

Wid. It ſeems ſo, your commendations are ſo ſtudied for.

Val. I came to ſee you, and ſift you into flour to know your pureneſſe, and I have found you excellent, I thank you; continue ſo, and ſhew men how to tread, and women how to follow: get an husband, an honeſt man, you are a good woman, and live hedg'd in from ſcandall, let him be too, an underſtanding man, and to that ſteadfaſt; tis pitie your fair Figure ſhould miſcarry, and then you are fixt, farewell.

Wid. Pray ſtay a little, I love your company now you are ſo pleaſant, and to my diſpoſition ſet ſo even.

Val. I can no longer. *Exit.*

Wid. As I live a fine fellow, this manly handſome bluntneſs, ſhewes him honeſt; what is he, or from whence? bleſſe me, four husbands, how prettily he fooled me into vices, to ſtir my jealouſie, and find my nature; a proper Gentleman: I am not well oth' ſudden, ſuch a companion I could live and die with, his angers are meer mirth. *Enter Iſabella.*

Iſa. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you ſo?

Iſa. What ails ſhe, the Coach ſtaies, and the people, the

day

day goes on, I am as ready now as you desire, sister: he, who stayes now, why do you sit and pout thus.

Wid. Prethee be quiet, Iam not well.

Isab. For Heave'n sake lets not ride staggering in the night, come, pray you take some sweet meats in your pocket, if your stomack——

Wid. I have a little business.

Isab. To abuse me, you shall not finde new dreams, and new suspitions, to horse withall.

Wid. Lord who made you a Commander: hay ho, my heart.

Isab. Is the winde come thither, and coward like do you lose your colours to um, are you sick ath *Valentine*; sweet sister, come lets away, the countrey will so quicken you, and we shall live so swetly: *Lace*, my Ladies Cloak; nay, you have put me into such a gog of going, I would not stay for all the world; If I live here, you have so knocked this love into my head, that I shall love any body, and I finde my body, I know not how, so apt; pray lets be gon sister, I stand on thornes.

Wid. I prethee *Isabella*, I faith I have some business that concerns me, I will suspect no more, here, wear that for me, and Il'e pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

Enter Shorthose 1. *Roger*, *Humphrey*, *Ralph*.

Isab. I had rather go, but ——

Wid. Come walk in with me, wee'l go to Cards, unsaddle the Horses.

Short. A Jubile, a Jubile, we stay boyes.

Eter Vncle, *Lan. Foun. Bella. Harebrain following.*

Vnc. Are they behind us.

Lance. Close, close, speak aloud sir.

Vnc. I am glad my nephew has so much discretion at length to finde his wants: did she entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome.

Vnc. For his own sake do you think.

Lance. Most certain sir, and in his own cause bestir'd himself too, and wan such liking from her, she dotes on him, has the command of all the house already.

Vnc. He deals not well with his friends,

Lance.

Lance. Let him deal on, and be his own friend, he has most need of her. *Vnc.* I wonder they would put him.

Lan. You are in the right ont, a man that must raise himself, I knew he would cosen um, and glad I am he has: he watched occasion, and found it ith nick.

Vnc. He has deceived me.

Lan. I told you howsoever he wheel'd about, he would charge home at length, how I could laugh now, to think of these tame fools.

Vnc. Twas not well done, because they trusted him, yet.

Bel. Harke you Gentlemen.

Vnc. We are upon a business, pray excuse us, they have it home.

Lanc. Come let it work good on Gentlemen.

Exit Vncle, Lance.

Font. Tis true, he is a knave, I ever thought it.

Hare. And we are fools, tame fools.

Bel. Come lets go seek him, he shall be hang'd before he colt us basely. *Exit.* *Enter Isabella, Luce.*

Isa. Art sure she loves him.

Luce. Am I sure I live? And I have clapt on such a commendation on your revenge.

Isa. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Luce. Handsom enough, and that her eye has found out,

Isa. He talks the best they say, and yet the maddest.

Luce. Has the right way. *Isa.* How is she?

Luce. Bears it well, as if she cared not, but a man may see with half an eye through all her forced behaviours, and finde who is her *Vallentine*,

Isa. Come lets go see her, I long to prosecute.

Luce. By no means Mistress, let her take better hold first,

Isab. I could burst now. *Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you Pilchers, you shotten, sold, slight fellowes, was't not I that undertook you first from emptie barrells, and brought those barking mouth's that gaped like bung-holes to utter sence: where got you understanding? who taught you manners and apt

carriage

carriage to ranke your ſelves? who filled you in fit Taverns, were thoſe born with your worſhips when you came hither? what brought you from the Univerſities of moment matter to allow you, beſides your ſmall baſe ſentences?

Bell. Tis well ſir.

Val. Long Cloaks with two hand-rapiers, boot-hoſes with penny-poſes, and twenty fools opinions, who looked on you but piping rites that knew you would be priſing, & Prentiſes in *Pauls* Church-yard, that ſented your want of *Brittanes* Books.

Enter Widdow, Luce, Harebrain.

Font. This cannot ſave you.

Val. Taunt my integrity you Whelps.

Bell. You may talk the ſtock we gave you out, but ſee no further.

Hare. You tempt our patience, We have found you out, and what your truſt comes to, yea'r well feathered, thank us, and think now of an honeſt courſe, tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly into your tumbling tricks, they are ſtale.

Wid. is not that he? *Luce* Tis he.

Wid. Be ſtill and mark him.

Val. How miſerable will theſe poor wretches be when I forſake um, but things have their neceſſities, I am ſorry, to what a vomit muſt they turn again, now to their own dear dunghil breeding; never hope after I caſt you off, you men of *Motley*, you moſt undone things below pitie, any that has a ſoul and ſixpence dares releeve you, my name ſhall bar that bleſſing; ther's your cloake ſir, keep it cloſe to you, it may yet preſerve you a fortnight longer from the fool; your hat, pray be covered, and ther's the Satin that your Worſhips ſent me, will ſerve you at a Sizes yet.

Fount. Nay faith ſir, you may ene rub theſe out now.

Val. No ſuch relicke, nor the leaſt rag of ſuch a ſordid weakneſs ſhall keep me warm, theſe breeches are mine own, purchaſed, and paid for, without your compaſſion, a Chriſtian breeches founded in Black Friers, and ſo Ile maintain um.

Hare. So they ſeem ſir.

Val. Only the thirteen ſhillings in theſe breeches, and the odde groat, I take it, ſhall be yours ſir, a marke to know a Knave by, pray preſerve it, do not diſpleaſe more, but

take it presently, now help me off with my boots.

Hare. We are no grooms sir.

Val. For once you shall be, do it willingly, or by this hand Ile make you.

Bell. To our own sir, we may apply our hands.

Val. Theres your hangers, you may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle will hold you without buckles; now I am perfect, and now the proudest of your worships tell me I am beholding to you. *Fount.* No such matter.

Val. And take heed how you pitty me, tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous, to prate of pitty which are the poorer; you are now puppies; I without you, or you without my knowledge be rougues, and so be gone, be rouges and reply not, for if you do——

Bell. Only thus much, and then wee'l leave you, the ayr is far sharper than our anger sir; and these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

Hare. Pray have a care sir of your health. *Exit Lovers.*

Val. Yes Hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits; tis cold, and I am very sensible, extreamly cold too, yet I will not off, till I have shamed these rascalls; I have indured as ill heats as another, and every way if one could perish my body, you'l bear the blame ont; I am colder here, not a poor penny left. *Vncle with a bag.*

Vnc. Ta's taken rarely, and now hee's stead he will be ruled.

Lance. Too him, tew him, abuse him, and nip him close.

Vnc. Why how now cozen, sunning your self this weather?

Val. As you see sir, in a hot fit, I thank my friends.

Vnc. But cozen, where are your clothes man, those are no inheritance, your scruple may compound with those I take it, this is no fashion cosen.

Val. Not much followed, I must confess; yet Uncle I determine to trie what may be done next Tarm.

Lanc. How came you thus sir, for you are strangely moved.

Val. Rags, toys and trifles, fit only for those fools that first possessed um, and to those Knaves, they are rendred freemen Vncle, ought to appear like innocents, old *Adam*, a fair Figleaf sufficient.

Vnc. Take me with you, were these your friends, that

clear'd

lear'd you thus.

Val. Hang friends, and even recknings that make friends.

Unc. I thought till now, there had been no such living, no such purchase, for all the rest is labour, as a list of honourable friends, do not such men as you sir, in lieu of all your understandings, travels, and those great gifts of nature; aim at no more than casting off your coats, I am strangely cosen'd.

Lance. Should not the towne shake at the cold you feel now, and all the Gentry suffer interdiction, no more sense spoken, all things *Goth* and *Vandall*, till you be summed again, velvets and scarlets, anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver turned into *Spanish* Cottens for a pennance, wits blasted with your bulls, and Tavernes withered, as though the Term lay at St *Albones*.

Val. Gentlemen, you have spoken long and level, I beseech you take breath a while and hear me; you imagine now, by the twirling of your strings, that I am at the last, as also that my friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Unc. Yes sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor pannier, to raise me up again above your rents, Uncle.

Unc. All this I do beleeve.

Val. You have no mind to better me.

Unc. Yes Cosen, and to that end I come, and once more offer you all that my power is matter of.

Val. A match then, lay me down fifty pounds there.

Unc. There it is, sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleased to give this, as due unto my merit, without caution of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift hereafter to be hoped for.

Unc. How?

Luce layes a suit and letter at the door.

Val. Without daring, when you are drunk, to relish of revilings, to which you are prone in sack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while, away I say sir, let him go forward with his naked sashon, he will seek you too morrow; goodly weather, sultrie hot, sultrie, how I sweat.

Unc. Farewell, sir.

Unc. Farewell, sir. *Exeunt Vncle and Lance.*

Val. Would I sweat too, I am monstrous vext, and cold too; and these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in; clothes I must get, this fashion will not fadge with me; besides, 'tis an ill winter wear, —— What art thou? yes, they are clothes, and rich ones, some fool has left um: and if I should utter —— what's this paper here? Let these be onely worn by the most noble and deserving Gentleman *Valentine*, —— dropt out oth' clouds; I think they are full of gold too; well, I'le leave my wonder, and be warm agen, in the next house Ile shift. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scæna. 1.

Enter Franciſco, Uncle, and Lance.

Fran. WHy do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.

Unc. Peace Cosen peace, you are too tender of him, he must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus, the violence of his disease *Franciſco*, must not be jested with, 'tis grown infections, and now strong Corrasives must cure him.

Lance. Has had a stinger, has eaten off his cloathes, the next his skin comes.

Unc. And let it search him to the bones, tis better, twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble friends now? will his fantasticall opinions cloath him, or the learned Art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It must needs greedily, for all his friends have flung him off, he is naked, and where to skinne himselfe agen, if I know, or can devise how he should get himself lodging, his spirit must be bowed, and now we have him, have him at that we hoped for.

Lanc. Next time we meet him cracking of nuts, with half a cloake about him, for all means are cut off, or borrowing sixpence, to shew his bounty in the pottage Ordinary?

Fran. VVhich way went he?

Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him, you have beene trimm'd already, let him take his fortune, he spunne it

out:

out himselfe, sir, there's no pitie.

Unc. Besides some good to you now, from this miserie.

Fran. I rise upon his ruines, fie, fie, Uncle, fie honest *Lance.* those Gentlemen were base people, that could so soon take fire to his destruction.

Unc. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Morrow uncle, morrow *Franke*, sweet *Franke*, and how, and how dee, think now, how shew matters? morrow Bandog. *Unc.* How?

Fran. Is this man naked, forsaken of his friends?

Val. Th'art handsome, *Franke*, a pretty Gentleman, ifaith thou lookest well, and yet here may be those that look as handsome.

Lan. Sure he can conjure, and has the Devil for his Tailor.

Unc. New and rich, tis most impossible he should recover.

Lan. Give him this luck, and fling him into the Sea.

Unc. 'Tis not he, imagination cannot work this miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, tis he, I will assure you uncle, the very he, the he your wisdom plaid withall, I thank you for't, neighed at his nakednesse, and made his cold and poverty your pastime; you see I live, and the best can do no more uncle, and though I have no state, I keep the streets still, and take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman, wear clothes to keep me warm, poor things they serve me, can make a shew too if I list, yes uncle, and ring a peal in my pockets, ding dong, uncle, these are mad foolish wayes, but who can help um?

Unc. I am amazed.

Lan. Ile sell my Copyhold, for since there are such excellent new nothings, why should I labour, is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, nor no old woman. *Unc.* You are *Valentine.*

Val. I think so, I cannot tell, I have been call'd so, and some say Christened, why do you wonder at me, and swell, as if you had met a Sergeant fasting, did you ever know desert want? y'are fools, a little stoop there may be to allay him, he would grow too rank else, a small eclipse to shadow him, but out he must break, glowingly again, and with a great luster, look you uncle, motion and majesty.

Unc. I am confounded. *Fran.* I am of his faith.

Val. Walk by his careleſſe kinſman, and turn again and walk, and look thus Uncle, taking ſome one by the hand, he loves beſt, leave them to the mercie of the hog-market, come *Franke*, Fortune is now my friend, let me inſtruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow Uncle, I muſt needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours, I ſhall be thus again, now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance. *Ex. Val. and Franc.*

Unc. I do beleeve him.

Lan. So do I, and heartily upon my conſcience burie him ſtark naked, he would riſe again, within two hours imbroidered: ſow muſtard-ſeeds, and they cannot come up ſo thick as his new ſattens do, and clothes of ſilver, there's no ſtriving. *Unc.* Let him play a while then, and let's ſearch out what hand: ===

Lan. I there the game lies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fountaine, Bellamore and Harebraine.

Foun. Come, let's ſpeak for our ſelves, we have lodg'd him ſure enough, his nakedneſſe dare not peep out to croſſe us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hare. Let's in boldly, and uſe our beſt arts, who ſhe dains to favour, we are all content.

Foun. Much good may do her with him, no civil wars.

Bel. By no means, now do I wonder in what old tod Ivie he lies whiſtling for means, nor clothes he hath none, nor none will truſt him, we have made that ſide ſure, teach him a new wooing. *Hare.* Say it is his uncles ſpite.

Foun. It is all one Gentleman, 'tas rid us of a fair incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own fortunes. Who are theſe? *Enter Iſabel and Luce.*

Iſa. Not ſee this man yet, well, I ſhall be wiſer: but *Luce*, didſt ever know a woman melt ſo? ſhe is finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace, the three Suitors.

Iſa. I could ſo titter now and laugh, I was loſt *Luce*, and I muſt love, I know not what; O *Cupid*, what pretty gins thou haſt to halter Woodcocks, and we muſt into the Countrey in all haſte, *Luce*. *Luce.* For Heavens ſake, Miſtris.

Iſa. Nay, I have done, I muſt laugh though; but ſcholler, I ſhall teach you. *Foun.* 'Tis her ſiſter.

Bel.

Bell. Seve you Ladies. *Isa.* Fair met Gentlemen, you are visiting my sister, I assure my self.

Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.

Isab. Behold and welcome, you would see her:

Foun. Tis our business.

Isa. You shall see her, and you shall talk with her.

Luce. She will not see um, nor spend a word.

Isa. Ile make her frat a thousand, nay now I have found the sab, I will so scratch her. *Luc.* She cannot endure um.

Isab. She loves um but too dearly, come follow me, Ile bring you tot'h party Gentlemen, then make your own conditions.

Luce. See is sick you know.

Isa. Ile make her well, or kill her, and take no idle answer, you are fools then, nor stand off for her state, sheel scorn you all then, but urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her, a Widdow must be won so.

Bel. Shee speaks bravely.

Isa. I would fain have a brother in law, I love mens company, and if she call for dinner to avoid you, be sure you stay, follow her into her chamber, if she retire to Pray, pray with her, and boldly, like honest lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Foun. You have shewed us one way, do but lead the tother.

Isa. I know you stand a thorns, come Ile dispatch you.

Luce. If you live after this. *Isa.* I have lost my aym.

Enter Vallentine and Francisco.

Fra. Did you not see um since.

Val. No hang um, hang um.

Fran. Nor will you not be seen by um: *Val.* Let um alone *Francke*, Ile mak um their own justice, and a jerker.

Fran. Such base discourteous Dog-whelps.

Val. I shal dog um, and double dog um, ere I have done.

Fran. Will you go with me, for I whuld fain finde out this peece of bountie, it was the Widdows man that I am certain of.

Val. To what end would you go.

Fran. To give thanks.

Val. Hang giving thanks, hast not thou part deserves it, it includs to a further will to be beholding, beggers can do no more at Doore, if you will go, there lies your way.

Fran.

Fran. I hoye you wil go.

Val. No not in ceremony, and to a woman, with mine own father, were he living *Franke*; I would tot'h Court with Bears first, if it be that wench, I think it is, for t'others wiser, I would not be so lookt upon, and laught at, so made a ladder for her wit, to climbe upon, for tis the tartest tit in Christendome, I know her well *Francke*, and have buckled with her, so lickt, and stroaked, fleard upon, and flouted, and shown to Chambermaids, like a strange beast, she had purchased with her penny.

Fran. You are a strange man, but do you think it was a woman.

Val. Theres no doubt ont, who can be there to do it else, besides the manner of the circumstances.

Fran. Then such courtesies, who ever dos um sir, saving your own wisdome, must be more lookt into, and better answered, then with deserving slights, or what we ought to have conferred upon us, men may starve else, means are not gotten now with crying out I am a gallant fellow, a good Souldier, a man of learning, or fit to be employed, immediate blessings, cease like miracles, and we must grow, by second means, I pray go with me, even as you love me sir.

Val. I will come to thee, but *Francke*, I will not stay to hear your fopperies, dispatch those ere I come.

Fran. You will not fail me.

Val. Some two hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you, and will look for you. *Exeunt*

Enter Widow, Shorthose, and Roger.

Wid. Who let in these puppies, you blinde rascals, you drunken Knaves several.

Short. Yes forsooth, Ile let um in presently, —Gentlemen,

VVid. Sprecious, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue.

Short. I bawl as loud as I can, would you have me fetch um upon my back.

Wid. Get um out rascall, out with um, out, I sweat to have um neer me.

Short. I should sweat more to carry um out.

Rog. They are Gentlemen Madam:

Short. Shall we get um intot'h butterie, and make um drink.

Wid. Do any thing, so I be eased.

Enter.

Enter Isabel, Fount. Balla. Hare.

Isab. Now too her sir, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside bay, I know she loves um, howsoever she carries it, and has invited um, my young Mistress told me so.

Short Away to tables then. *Exeunt.*

Isab. I shall burst with the sport ont.

Fount. You are too curious Madam, too full of preparation, we expect it not.

Bella. Me thinks the house is handsome, every place decent, what need you be vext?

Hare. We are no strangers.

Fount. What though we come ere you expected us, do not we know your entertainments Madam are free, and full at all times.

Wid. You are merry Gentlemen.

Bell. We come to be merry Madam, and very merry, men love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady a little of our old plea.

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too, will none deliver me?

Hare. There is a time for all, you may be busie, but when your friends come, you have as much power Madam.

Wid. This is a tedious torment.

Foun. How handsomly this little peece of anger shewes upon her, well Madam well, you know not how to grace your self.

Bell. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

Wid. I must go up, I must go up, I have a business waites upon me, some wine for the Gentlemen.

Hare. Nay, wee'l go with you, we never saw your chambers yet.

Isab. Hold there boyes.

Wid. Say I go to my prayers.

Foun. Wee'l pray with you, and help your meditations.

Wid. This is boystrous, or say I go to sleep, will you go to sleep with me.

Bell. So suddenly before meat will be dangerous, we know your dinners ready Lady, you will not sleep.

Wid. Give me my Coach, I will take the air,

Hare. Wee'l wait on you, and then your meat after a quickned stomacke.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me, and bid him

bring his reckonings into the Orchard, these unmannerly rude puppies—— *Exit Widdow.*

Fonn. Weele walk after you and view the pleasure of the place.

Isa. Let her not rest, for if you give her breath, shee'l scorn and flout you, seem how she will, this is the way to win her, be bold and prosper.

Bella. Nay if we do not tire her.—— *Exeunt.*

Isab. Ile teach you to worm me, good Lady sister, and peep into my privacies to suspect me, Ile torture, you, with that you hate most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at that you loue most. *Enter Luce.*

Luce. What have you done, she chafes and fumes outragiously, and still they persecute her.

Isab. Long may they do so, Ile teach her to declaim against my pities, why is she not gone out o'th town, but gives ocoasion for men to run mad after her.

Luc. I shall be hanged.

Isa. This in me had been high treason, three at a time, and private in her Orchard, I hope shee'l cast her reckonings right now. *Enter Widdow.*

VVid. Well, I shall find who brought um.

Isa. Ha, ha, ha.

VVid. Why do you laugh sister, I fear me tis your trick, twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your pleasure.

Isab. What have you done with um.

VVid. Lockt um ith Orchard, there Ile make um dance and caper too, before they get their liberty, unmannerly rude puppies.

Isa. They are somwhat saucy, but yet Ile let um out, and once more sound um, Why were they not beaten out.

Wid. I was about it, but because they came as suiters.

Isab. Why did you not answer um.

VVid. They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet, how came these in.

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Lan. At the door Madam.

Isab. It is that face.

Luc. This is the Gentleman.

Wid. She sent the money too.

Luce. The same.

Isa. Ile leave you, they have some businesse.

Wid. Nay, you shall stay sister, they are strangers both to me; how her face alters?

Isa. I am sorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now though, who would you speak with, Gentlemen? *Lan.* You Lady, or your fair sister there, here's a Gentleman that has received a benefit.

Wid. From whom, sir?

Lan. From one of you, as he supposes Madam, your man delivered it. *Wid.* I pray go forward.

Lan. And of so great a goodnesse, that he dares not, without the tender of his thanks and service, passe by the house.

Wid. Which is the Gentleman?

Lan. This, Madam.

Wid. What's your name, sir?

Fran. They that know me, call me *Francisco* Lady, one not so proud to scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched to hide a gratitude.

Wid. It is well bestowed then.

Fran. Your fair self, or your sister as it seems, for what desert I dare not know, unlesse a handsome subject for your charities, or aptnesse in your noble will to do it, have showred upon my wants a timely bounty, which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

Wid. I am sorrie 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman, fie, do not blush, go roundly to the matter, the man is a prettie man. *Isa.* You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear Lady.

Isa. I pray no more sir, if I may perswade you, your onely aptnesse to do this is recompence, and more than I expected.

Fran. But good Lady.

Isa. And for me further to be acquainted with it, besides the imputation of vain glory, were greedy thankings of my self, I did it not to be more affected to; I did it, and if it happened where I thought it fitted, I have my end; more to enquire is curious in either of us, more than that suspicious:

Fran. But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.

Isa. About the right way nothing, do not fright it, being

to pious use and tender sighted, with the blown face of Complements, it blasts it, had you not come at all, but thought thanks; it had been too much, 'twas not to see your person.

Wid. A brave dissembling rogue, and how she carries it.

Isa. Though I beleeve few handsomer; or hear you, though I affect a good tongue well; or trie you, though my years desire a friend, that I relieved you.

Wid. A plaguie cunning quean.

Isa. For so I carried it, my ends too glorious in mine eyes, and bartered the goodnesse I propounded with opinion.

Wid. Fear her not, Sir.

Isa. You cannot catch me, sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up Ladie?

Isa. Let it suffice you have it, it was never mine, whilst good men wanted it.

Lan. This is a Saint sure.

Isa. And if you be not such a one, restore it.

Fran. To commend my self, were more officious than you think my thanks are, to doubt I may be worth your gift a treason, both to mine own good and understanding; I know my mind clear, and though modestie tels me, he that intreats, intrudes; yet I must think something, and of some season, met with your better taste, this had not been else.

Wid. What ward for that, wench?

Isa. Alas, it never touched me.

Fran. Well, gentle Ladie, yours is the first money I ever took upon a forced ill manners.

Isa. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way to be thought a gratefull taker,

Isa. Spend it, and say nothing, your modestie may deserve more.

Wid. O sister, will you bar thankfulnesse?

Isa. Dogges dance for meat, would you have men do worse, for they can speak, crie out like VVood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds, I did it that my best friend should not know it, wine and vain glorie does as much as I else, if you will force my merit, against my meaning, use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a benefit, and was so; and not examining a woman did it, or to what end, in not be-

leeving

leeving ſometimes your ſelf, when drink and ſtirring converſation may ripen ſtrange perſwaſions.

Fran. Gentle Ladie, I were a baſe receiver of a courteſie, and you a worſe diſpoſer, were my nature unfurniſhed of theſe fore-ſights, Ladies honours were ever in my thoughts, unſpotted crimes, their good deeds holy temples, where the incenſe burns not, to common eyes your fears are vertuous, and ſo I ſhall preſerve um.

Iſa. Keep but this way, and from this place to tell me ſo, you have paid me; and ſo I wiſh you ſee all fortune. *Exit.*

Wid. Fear not, the woman will be thanked, I do not doubt it, are you ſo craftie, carrie it ſo preciſely, this is to wake my fears, or to abuſe me, I ſhall look narrowly, deſpaire not Gentlemen, there is an hour to catch a woman in, if you be wiſe, ſo, I muſt leave you too: Now will I go laugh at my Suitors, *Exit.*

Lan. Sir, what courage?

Fran. This woman is a founder, and cites ſtatutes to all her benefits.

Lan. I never knew yet, ſo few years and ſo cunning, yet beleeve me ſhe has an itch, but how to make her confeſſe it, for it is a craftie Tit, and playes about you, will not bite home, ſhe would fain, but ſhe dares not; carrie your ſelf but ſo diſcreetly ſir, that want or wantonneſſe ſeem not to ſearch you, and you ſhall ſee her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich, would give two thouſand pound to wed her wit but one hour, oh tis a dragon, and ſuch a ſpritely way of pleaſure, ha *Lance*.

Lan. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you would crie, ho, ho, *Lance*.

Fran. Some leaden landed rogue will have this wench now, when all's done, ſome ſuch youth will carrie her, and wear her greaſie out like ſtuffe, ſome Dunce that knowes no more but markets, and admires nothing but a long charge at Sizes: O the fortunes.

Enter Iſabel and Luce.

Lan. Comfort your ſelf.

Luce. They are here yet, and a love too, boldly upon't; nay, Miſtreſſe, I ſtill told you, how t'would finde your truſt, this

tis to venture your charitie upon a boy.

Lan. Now, what's the matter? ſtand faſt, and like your ſelf.

Iſa. Prethee no more wench.

Luce. What was his want to you. *Iſa.* 'Tis true.

Luce. Or miſery, or ſay he had been ith' Cage, was there no mercie to look abroad but yours?

Iſa. I am paid for fooling.

Luce. Muſt every ſlight companion that can purchaſe a ſhew of poverty and beggerly planet fall under your compaſſion.

Lance. Here's a new matter.

Luce. Nay, you are ſerved but too well, here he ſtaies yet, yet as I live. *Fran.* How her face alters on me?

Luce. Out of a confidence I hope. *Iſa.* I am glad on't.

Fran. How do you gentle Lady?

Iſa. Much aſhamed ſir, but firſt ſtand further off me, y'are infectious to find ſuch vanitie, nay almoſt impudence, where I beleeve a worth: is this your thanks, the gratitude you were ſo mad to make me, your trim counſell Gentlemen?

Lanc. What, Lady?

Iſa. Take your device agen, it will not ſerve ſir, the woman will not bite, you are finely coſened, drop it no more for ſhame.

Luce. Do you think you are here ſir amongſt your waſt-coateers, your baſe wenches that ſcratch at ſuch occaſions; you are deluded: This is a Gentlewoman of a noble houſe, born to a better fame than you can build her, and eyes above your pitch. *Fran.* I do acknowledge —

Iſa. Then I beſeech you ſir, what could 'ſee, ſpeak boldly, and ſpeak truly, ſhame the Devil, in my behaviour of ſuch eaſineſſe that you durſt venture to do this.

Fran. You amaze me, this Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it. *Luce.* I ſaw you drop it, ſir.

Iſa. I took it up too, ſtill looking when your modeſty ſhould miſſe it, why, what a childiſh part was this?

Fran. I vow.

Iſa. Vow me no vowes, he that dares do this, has bred himſelf to boldneſſe, to forſwear too; there take your gew-gaw, you are too much pampered, and I repent my part, as

you

you grow older grow wiſer if you can, and ſo farewell ſir.

Exit Iſabella and Luce.

Lan. Grow wiſer if you can, ſhe has put it to you, tis a rich Ring, did you drop it?

Fran. Never, nere ſee it afore *Lance.*

Lan. Thereby hangs a tail then: what ſlight ſhe makes to catch her ſelf, look up ſir, you cannot loſe her if you would, how daintily ſhe flies upon the Lure, and cunningly ſhe makes her ſtops, whiſtle and ſhee'l come to you.

Fran. I would I were ſo happy.

Lan. Maids are Clocks, the greateſt Wheel they ſhow, goes ſloweſt to us, and mak's hang on tedious hopes; the leſſer, which are concealed being often oyl'd with wiſhes, flee like deſires, and never leave that motion, till the tongue ſtrikes; ſhe is fleſh, blood and marrow, young as her purpoſe, and ſoft as pity; no Monument to worſhip, but a mould to make men in, a neat one, and I know how ere ſhe appears now, which is neer enough, you are ſtark blinde if you hit not ſoon at night; ſhe would venture forty pounds more but to feel a Flea in your ſhape bite her: drop no more Rings forſooth, this was the prettieſt thing to know her heart by.

Fran. Thou puts me in much comfort.

Lan. Put your ſelf in good comfort, if ſhe do not point you out the way, drop no more rings, ſhee'l drop her ſelf into you.

Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.

Lan. Let him alone, and feed your ſelf on your own fortunes; come be frollicke, and lets be monſtrous wiſe and full of councell. drop no more Rings. *Exit.*

Enter Widdow, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Wid. If you will needs be fooliſh you muſt be uſed ſo: who ſent for you? who entertained you Gentlemen? who bid you welcome hither? you came crowding, and impudently bold; preſs on my patience, as if I kept a houſe for all Companions, and of all ſorts will 'have your wills, will 'vex me and force my liking from you, I nere owe'd you.

Fount. For all this we will dine with you.

Bell. And for all this will have a better anſwer from you.

Wid. You ſhall never, neither have an anſwer nor dinner, unleſs

unleſs you uſe me with a more ſtaid reſpect, and ſtay your time too.

Enter Iſabella, Shorthoſe, Roger, Humpherey, Ralph, with diſhes of meat.

Iſab. Forward with the meat now.

Rog. Come Gentlemen march fairly.

Short. Roger, you are a weak Servingman, your white broath runs from you; fie, how I ſweat under this Pile of Beef; an Elephant can do more! Oh for ſuch a back now, and in theſe times, what might a man arrive at, Gooſe, graſe you up, and Woodcock march behinde thee, I am almoſt foundred.

VVid. Who bid you bring the meat yet? away you knaves, I will not dine theſe two houres, how am I vext and chafed; go carry it back and tell the Cook, hee's an arrant Raſcall, to ſend before I called.

Short. Faces about Gentlemen, beat a mournfull march then, and give ſome ſupporters, I or elſe periſh——

Exeunt Servants.

Iſab. It does me much good to ſee her chafe thus.

Hare. We can ſtay Madam, and will ſtay and dwell here, tis good Ayre.

Foun. I know you have beds enough, and meat you never want. *Wid.* You want a little.

Bell. We dare to pretend no, Since you are churliſh, wee'l give you Phyſick, you muſt purge this anger, it burns yon and decays you.

VVid. If I had you out once, I would be at charge of a perculis for you. *Enter Vallantine.*

Val. Good morrow noble Lady.

VVid. Good morrow ſir, how ſweetly now he looks, and how full manly, what ſlaves was theſe to uſe him ſo.

Val. I come to look a young man I call brother.

VVid. Such a one was here ſir, as I remember your own brother, but gone almoſt an nour agoe.

Val. Good e'n then.

VVid. You muſt not ſo ſoon ſir, here be ſome Gentlemen, it may be you are acquainted with um.

Hare. Will nothing make him miſerable?

Foun. How glorious!

Bell. It is the very he, does it rain fortunes, or has he a familiar.

Hare. How doggedly he looks too.

Fount. I am beyond my faith, pray lets be going.

Val. Where are these Gentlemen?

Wid. Here.

Val. Yes I know um, and will be more familiar.

Bell. Morrow Maddam.

Wid. Nay stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay till I talk with you, and not dine neither, but fastingly my fury, you thinke you have undone me, think so still, and swallow that beleef, till you be company for Court-hand Clarkes, and starved Atturnies, till you break in at playes like Prentises for three a groat, and crack Nuts with the Scholars in peny Rooms agen, and fight for Apples, till you return to what I found you, people betrai'd into the hands of Fencers, Challengers, Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations in Meal-markets, with throngings to see Cutpurses: stir not, but hear, and mark, Ile cut your throats else, till Water works, and rumours of New Rivers rid you again and run you into questions who built Thames, till you run mad for Lotteries, and stand there with your tables to glean the golden Sentences, and cite um secretly to Servingmen for sound Essayes, till Tavernes allow you but a Towel room to Tipple in Wine, that the Bell hath gone for twice, and Glasses that look like broken promises, tied up with wicker protestations, English Tobacco with half Pipes, nor in half a yeer once burnt, and Bisket that Bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like Coralls to bring the mark again. tell these hour Rascals so, this most fatall hour will come again, think I sit down the looser.

Wid. Will you stay Gentlemen, a peece of Beef and a cold Capon, thats all, you know you are welcome.

Hum. That was cast to abuse us.

Bell. Steal off, the devil is in his anger.

Wid. Nay I am sure you will not leave me so discourteously now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here? why do ye vex a woman of her goodness, her state and worth; can you bring a fair certifi-

ficate that you deserve to be her footmen ; husbands, you pupies, husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you wind suckers ; do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble, and when you are gone , seem to laugh at my fury, and slight this Lady, I shall hear, and knw this: and though I am not bound to fight for women, as far as they are good I dare preserve um : be not too bold, for if you be, Ile swinge you monstrously without all pitty, your honours now goe, avoid me mainly. *Exeunt.*

Wid. Well sir, you have delivered me, I thank you, and with your nobleness prevented danger, their tongues might utter, weell all go and eat sir.

Val. No, no I dare not trust my self with women, go to your meat, eat little, take less ease, and tie your body to a daily labour, you may live honstly, and so I thank you. *Exit.*

Wid. Well go thy wayes, thou art a noble fellow, and some means I must work to have thee know it. *Exit.*

Actus 5. Scæna. 1.

Enter Vncle and Merchant.

Vnc. MOst certain tis, her hands that hold him up, and her sister relieves *Franck.*

Mer. I am glad to hear it : but wherefore do they not pursue this fortune to some fair end ?

Vnc. The women are too craftie, *Valantine* too coy, and *Franke* too bashfull, had any wise man hold of such a blessing, they would strike it out oth' flint but they would forme it.

Enter VViddow and Shorthose.

Mer. The Widdow sure, why does she stir so early.

Wid. Tis strange, I cannot force him to understand me, and m make a benefit, of what I would bring him, tell my sister ile use any devotions at home this morning, she may if she please go to Church.

Short. Hay ho.

VVid. And do you waite upon her with torch sir ?

Short. Hay ho.

VVid.

Wid. You lazie Knave.

Short. Here is such a tinkle tanklings that we can nere lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out, *Ralph* pray emptie my right shooe that you made your Chamber-pot, and burn a little Rosemarie in't, I must wait upon my Ladie. This morning Prayer has brought me into a consumption, I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

Wid. You drousie slave, nothing but sleep and swilling.

Short. Had you been bitten with Bandog fleas, as I have been, and haunted with the night Mare.

Wid. With an Ale-pot.

Short. You would have little list to morning Prayers, pray take my fellow *Ralph*, hee has a Psalme booke, I am a Cingrum man.

Wid. Get you ready quickly, and wen she is ready wait upon her handsomely; no more, be gone.

Short. If I do snore my part out —— *Exit Short.*

Unc. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good morrow, Madam,

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Unc. Good joy and fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thanks, I thank you sir.

Mer. Much joy I hope you'l finde, we came to gratulate your new knit marriage-band.

Wid. How?

Unc. Hee's a Gentleman, although he be my kinsman, my fair Niece.

Wid. Niece, Sir?

Unc. Yes Lady, now I may say so, tis no shame to you, I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light fancies, which you most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried, as nobly bred and managed.

Wid. Whats all this, I understand you not, what Niece, what marriage-knot?

Unc. Ile tell plainly, you are my Niece, and *Valentine* the Gentleman has made you so by marriage.

Wid. Marriage?

Unc. Yes Lady, and twas a noble and vertuous part, to take a falling man to your protection, and bouy him up again to all his glories.

Wid. The men are mad.

Mer. What though he wanted these outward things, that flie away like shadowes, was not his mind a full one, and a brave one? You have wealth enough to give him glosse and outside, and he wit enough to give way to love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he would do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew how ever he wheel'd about like a loose Cabine, he would charge home at length, like a brave Gentleman; Heavens blessing a your heart Lady, we are so bound to honour you, in all your service so devoted to you.

Unc. Do not look so strange Widow, it must be known, better a generall joy; no stirring here yet, come, come, you cannot hide um.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are the finest toyes, belike I am married then.

Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the worlds account else, I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with child?

Unc. No, great they say not, but tis a full opinion you are with childe, and great joy among the Gentlemen, your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance, how long, and when he stayed, could name the bed too, where he paid down his first fruits.

Wid. I shall beleeve anon.

Unc. And we consider for some private reasons, you would have it private, yet take your own pleasure; and so good morrow, my best Niece, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray stay.

Unc. I know you would be with him, love him, and love him well.

Mer. You'l find him noble, this may beget ——

Unc. It must needs work upon her. *Exit Unc. and Mer.*

Wid. These are fine bobs ifaith, married, and with childe too, how long has this been, I trow? they seem grave fellowes,

lowes, they should not come to flout; married, and bedded, the world takes notice too, where lies this May-game? I could be vext extreamely now, and rail too, but tis to no end, though I itch a little, must I be scratcht I know not how, who wai.s there?

Enter Humphrey, a servant.

Hum. Madam.

Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you onely, and hark you sir, be secret & speedy, inquire out where he lies.

Hum. I shall do it, Madam. *Exit.*

Wid. Married, and got with childe in a dream, tis fine ifaith, sure he that did this, would do better waking. *Exit.*

Enter Valentine, Fran. Lance, and a boy with a torch.

Val. Hold thy torch handsomely, how dost thou *Francke*? *Peter Bassell*, bear up.

Fran. You have fried me soundly, Sack do you call this drink?

Val. A shrewd dog, *Francke*, will bite abundantly.

Lan. Now could I fight, and fight with thee.

Val. With me, thou man of *Memphis*.

Lan. But that thou art mine own naturall master, yet my sack sayes thou art no man, thou art a Pagan, and pawnest thy land, which a noble cause.

Val. No arms, nor arms, good *Lancelot*, dear *Lance*, no fighting here, we will have lands boy, livings, and titles, thou shalt be a Vice-Roy, hang fighting, hang, 'tis out of fashion.

Lan. I would fain labour you into your lands again, go too, it is behoovefull.

Fran. Fie *Lance*, fie.

Lan. I must beat some body, and why not my master, before a stranger, charity and beating begins at home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

Lan. I will not be compeld, and you were two masters, I scorn the motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep?

Lan. I scorn sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lan. I scorn meat, I come for rompering, I come to wait

upon my charge discreetly; for look you, if you will not take your morgage again, here do I he Saint *George*, and so forth.

Val. An here do I St. *George*, bestride the Dragon, thus with my Lance.

Lan. I sting, I sting with my tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir, I shall tail you presently.

Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.

Val. Take this Nelson, and now rise, thou maiden Knight of Malligo, lace on thy helmet of inchanted sack, and charge again.

Lan. I play no more, you abuse me, will you go?

Fran. Ile bid you good morrow Brother, for sleep I cannot, I have a thousand fancies.

Val. Now thou art arrived, go bravely to the matter, and do something of worth *Franke*.

Lan. You shall hear from us. *Exit Lance and Franke.*

Val. This rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me, is the most tettish Knave.

Enter Uncle and Merchant: May with a torch.

Vnc. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why sir, good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty.

Vnc. You have made your brother a fine man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a foole before, brought up amongst the midst of small Beer Brew-houses, what would you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you, your lateſt hour is come.

Val. Are you my sentence?

Mer. The sentence of your state.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, I may not see it.

Vnc. A gracious resolution.

Val. What would you have else with me, will you go drink, and let the world slide Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boyes, drink sack like whey boyes.

Mer. Have you no feeling, sir?

Val. Come hither Merchant: make me a supper, thou most reverent

reverent Land-catcher, a supper of fortie pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy wife along, and thy fair sisters, thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets, let me have fortie trumpets, and such wine, we'll laugh at all the miseries of morgage, and then in state Ile render thee an answer.

Mer. What say you to this?

Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your state, speak to the point, Sir?

Val. Not, not if it were mine heir in the Turks gallies.

Mer. Then I must take an order,

Val. Take a thousand, I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it, because thou cameſt ith' nick, thou shalt not have it, go take possession, and be sure you hold it, hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled, will ring you such knell, go down in glorie, and march upon my land, and crie, All's mine; crie as the Devil did, and be the Devil, mark what what an eccho follows, build fine March panes, to entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady, and pull the Chappell down, and raise a Chamber for Mistresse Silver-pin, to lay her belly in, mark what an Earthquake comes, then fooliſh Merchant my Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing, and they are people too, never Chistened, they know no Law, nor conscience, they'l devour thee: and thou mortall, the stopple, they'l confound thee within three dayes; no bit nor memorie of what thou wert, no not the wart upon thy nose there, shall be ere heard of more, go take possession, and bring thy children down, to roast like Rabbets, they love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell Suckers; as they love mischief, and hate Law, they are Canibals: bring down thy kinred too, that be not fruitfull, there be those Mandrakes that will mollifie um go take possession, Ile go to my Chamber, afore boy go. *Exeunt.*

Mer. Hee's mad sure.

Unc. Hee's half drunk sure, and yet I like this unwillingneſſe to lose it, this looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomly, but he's so harsh & strange.

Unc. Beleeve it 'tis his drink sir, and I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

Mer.

Mer. Canibals; if ever I come to view his regiment, if faire termes may be had.

Vnc. He tels you true sir; They are a bunch of the most boystrous Rascals disorder ever made, let um be mad once, the power of the whole Countrey cannot cool um, be patient but a while.

Mer. As long as you will sir, before I buy a bargain of such Runts, Ile buy a Colledge for Baers, and live among um.

Enter Franscisco, Lance, boy with a Torch.

Fran. How dost thou now.

Lan. Better then I was, and straighter, but my heads a Hogshead still, it rowls and tumbles.

Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.

Lan. I may live to requite it, put a Snaffle of Sack in my mouth and then ride me very well.

Fran. Twas all but sport, Ile tell thee what I mean now, I mean to see this Wench.

Lan. Where a devil is she, and there were two, 'twere better.

Fran. Dost thou hear the bell ring.

Lan. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to prayers, early each morning thither: Now if I could but meet her, for I am of another mettle now.

Enter Isabel, and Shorthose with a Torch.

Lan. What lights yond.

Fran. Ha, tis a light, take her by the hand and court her.

Lan. Take her below the girdle, you'l never speed else, it comes on this way still, oh that I had but such an opportunity in a Saw-pit, how it comes on, comes on, tis here.

Fran. Tis she, fortune I kiss thy hand ——Good morrow Lady.

Isa. What voice is that sirra, do you sleep as you go, tis he, I am glad ont, why *Shorthose.*

Short. Yes forsooth, I was dreamt, I was going to Church.

Lan. She sees yon as plain as I do.

Isa. Hold thy torch up.

Short. Heres nothing but a stall, and a Butchers Dog a-

sleepe

sleep in't, where did you see the voice.

Fran. Shee looks still angry.

Lan. To her and meet sir.

Isa. Here, here.

Fran. Yes Lady, never bless your self, I am but a man, and like an honest man, now I wil thank you——

Isa. What do you mean, who sent for you, who desired you.

Short. Shall I put out the Torch forsooth.

Isa. Can I not go about my private meditations, Ha, but such companions as you must ruffle me, you had best go with me sir.

Fran. Twas my purpose.

Isa. Why, what an impudence is this, you had best, being so neer the Church, provide a Priest, and perswade me to marry you.

Fran. It was my meaning, and such a husband, so loving, and so carefull, my youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at ——Harke you.

Isa. Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly, turn home again sirra, you had best now force my man to lead your way.

Lan. Yes marry shall a, Lady, forward my friend.

Isab. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a rape.

Fran. Do you like that better, I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I see nothing, I am a sleep still, when you have done tell me, and then Ile wake Mistris.

Isab. Are you in earnest Sir, do you long to be hang'd.

Fran. Yes by my troth Lady in these fair Tresses.

Isa. Shall I call out for help.

Fran. No by no means, that were a weak trick Lady, Ile kiss, and stop your mouth.

Isa. Youl answer all these.

Fran. A thousand kisses more.

Isa. I was never abused thus, you had best give out too, that you found me willing, and say I doted on you.

Fran. That's known already, and no man living shall now carry you from me.

Isa. This is fine ifaith.

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isab. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way, I will to Church.

Fran. And I will wait upon you.

Isab. And it is most likely theres a Priest, if you dare venter as you profess, I would wish you look about you, to do these rude tricks, for you know the recompences, and trust not to my mercy.

Fran. But I will Lady.

Isa. For Ile so handle you.

Fran. Thats it I look for.

Lan. Afore thou dream.

Shor. Have you done.

Isa. Go on sir, & follow if you dare.

Fran. If I do not hang me.

Lan. Tis all thine own boy, an'twere a million, god a mercy Sacke, when would small Beer have done this. *Exennt.*

Knocking within. *Enter Vallentine.*

Val. Whose that that knocks and bounces, what a Devil ailes you, is hell broke loose, or do you keep an Iron mill.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Tis a Gentlewoman sir that must needs speak with you.

Val, A Gentlewoman, what Gentlewoman, what have I to do with Gentlewomen?

Ser. She will not be answered Sir.

Val. Fling up the bed and let her in, Ile try how gentle she is—*Exit Servant.* This Sack has fild my head so full of bables, I am almost mad; what Gentlewoman should this be, I hope she has brought me no butter print along with her to lay to my charge, if she have tis all one, Ile forswear it.

Enter Widow.

Wid. O you'r a noble Gallant, send off your servant pray.

Exit Servant.

Val. She will not ravish me, by this light she looks as sharp set a Sparrow hawk, what wouldst thou woman.

Wid. O you have used me kindly, and like a Gentleman, this tis to trust to you.

Val.

Val. Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in jest once, you were a handsom man, one I could like well, and fooling, made you believe I loved you, and might be brought to marrie.

Val. The widow is drunk too.

Wid. You out of this, which is a fine discretion, give out the matter's done, you have won and wed me, and that you have put fairly put for an heir too, these are fine rumours to advance my credit; ith' name of mischief what did you mean?

Val. That you loved me, and that you might be brought to marrie me; why, what a Devil do you mean, widow?

Wid. 'Twas a fine trick too, to tell the world though you had enjoyed your first wish, you wished the wealth you aimed at, that I was poor, which is most true, I am, have sold my lands, because I love not those vexations, yet for mine honours sake, if you must be prating, and for my credits sake in the Town.

Val. I tell thee widow, I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no Lands, for now thy hopes and cares, lye on thy husband, if ere thou marryest more.

Wid. Have not you married me, and for this main cause, now as you report it to be your Nurse.

Val. My Nurse, why, what am I grown too, give me the Glass, my Nurse.

Wid. You nere said truer, I must confess I did a little favour you, and with some labour, might have been perswaded, but when I found I must be hourly troubled, with making broths, and dawbing your dacaies with swadling, and with stiching up your ruines, for the world so reports.

Val. Do not provoke me.

Wid. And half an eye may see.

Val. Do not provoke me, the worlds a lying world, and thou shalt finde it, have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee, and mark what followes, my Nurse, yes, you shall rock me: Widdow Ile keep you waking.

Wid. You are disposed sir.

Val. Yes marry am I Widdow, and you shall feel it, nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.

Wid. I think so.
Val. Come.
Wid. Whither?
Val. Any whither. *Sings.*

The fit's upon me now, the fit's upon me now,
Come quickly gentle Ladie, the fit's upon me now,
The world shall know they'are fools,
And so shalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler meddle with his tools,
The fits upon me now.

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein, away with me, for if I have but two hours to consider, all the widows in the world cannot recover me.

Wid. If you will, go with me sir.

Val. Yes marrie will I, but 'tis in anger yet, and I will marrie thee, do not crosse me; yes, and I will lie with thee, and get a whole bundle of babies, and I will kisse thee, stand still and kisse me handsomely, but do not provoke me, stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous, I drunk sack yesternight, do not allure me: Thou art no widow of this world, come in pitie, and in spite Ile marrie thee, not a word more, and I may be brought to love thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant and Uncle at severall doors.

Mer. Well met agen, and what good newes yet?
Unc. Faith nothing.
Mer. No fruits of what we sowed?
Unc. Nothing I hear of.
Mer. No turning in this tide yet?
Unc. 'Tis all flood, and till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Fran. Isab. Lance. Shorthose, a torch.

Mer. Is not this his younger brother?
Unc. With a Gentlewoman the widows sister, as I live he smiles, he has got good hold, why well said *Franke* ifaith, let's play and mark.
Isa. Well, you are the prettiest youth and so you have handled me, think you ha me sure.
Fran. As sure as wedlock.

Isa.

Isa. You had best lie with me too.

Fran. Yes indeed will I, and get such black ey'd boyes.

Unc. God a mercie, *Franke.*

Isa. This is a merrie world, poor simple Gentlewomen that think no harm, cannot walk about their businesse, but they must be catcht up I know not how.

Fran. Ile tell you, and Ile instruct you too, have I caught you, Mistresse.

Isa. Well, and it were not for pure pitie, I would give you the slip yet, but being as it is.

Fran. It shall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph with a torch.

Isa. My sister, as I live, your brother with her, sure I think you are the Kings takers.

Unc. Now it works.

Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.

Wid. I think so.

Val. And such proof you shall have.

Wid. I pray speak softly.

Val. Ile speak it out Widow, yes and you shall confesse too, I am no Nurse-childe, I went for a man, a good one, if you can beat me out oth' pit.

Wid. I did but jest with you.

Val. Ile handle you in earnest, and so handle you: Nay, when my credit cals.

Wid. Are you mad?

Val. I am mad, I am mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your preparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, *Franke.*

Fran. Yes faith, 'tis done sir.

Val. Along with me then, never hang an arse, widow.

Isa. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.

Val. Well said Black-brows, advance your torches Gentlemen.

Unc. Yes, yes Sir.

Val. And keep your ranks.

Mer. *Lance*, carrie this before him.

Unc. Carrie it in state.

Enter Musicians, Fount. Hare. Bell.

Val. What are you Musicians, I know your comming, and what are those behinde you,

Musi. Gentlemen that sent us to give the Lady, a good morrow.

Val. O I know them come boy sing the song I taught you,
And sing it lustily, come forward Gentlemen, your welcome,
Welcom, now we are all friends, go get the Priest ready,
And let him not be long, we have much business:
Come *Francke*, rejoyce with me, thou hast got the start boy,
But ile so tumble after, come my friends lead,
Lead cheerfully, and let your Fiddles ring boyes,
My follies and my fancies have an end here,
Display the morgage *Lance*, Merchant ile pay you,
And every thing shall be in joynt agen.

Vnc. Afore, afore.

Val. And now confess, and know,
Wit without Money, sometimes gives the blow. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Plays written by *Francis Beamount*, and *John Flecher*, *printed in Quarto.*

1 *Wit without Money.*
2 *Night walker: or, the Little thief.*
3 *Opportunity.*
4 *Coronation.*
5 *Scornfull Lady.*
6 *Elder Brother.*
7 *Philaster.*
8 *King and no King.*
9 *Mounsieur* Thomas.
10 *Rollo Duke Normandy.*
11 *Rule a wife and have a wife.*
12 *Thierry and Theodoret.*
13 *Woman Hater.*
14 *Maids Tragedy.*
15 *Knight of th. Burning Pestle.*
16 *Cupids Revenge.*
17 *Noble Kinsman.*

Thos Follett
1807.

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Roman Slater

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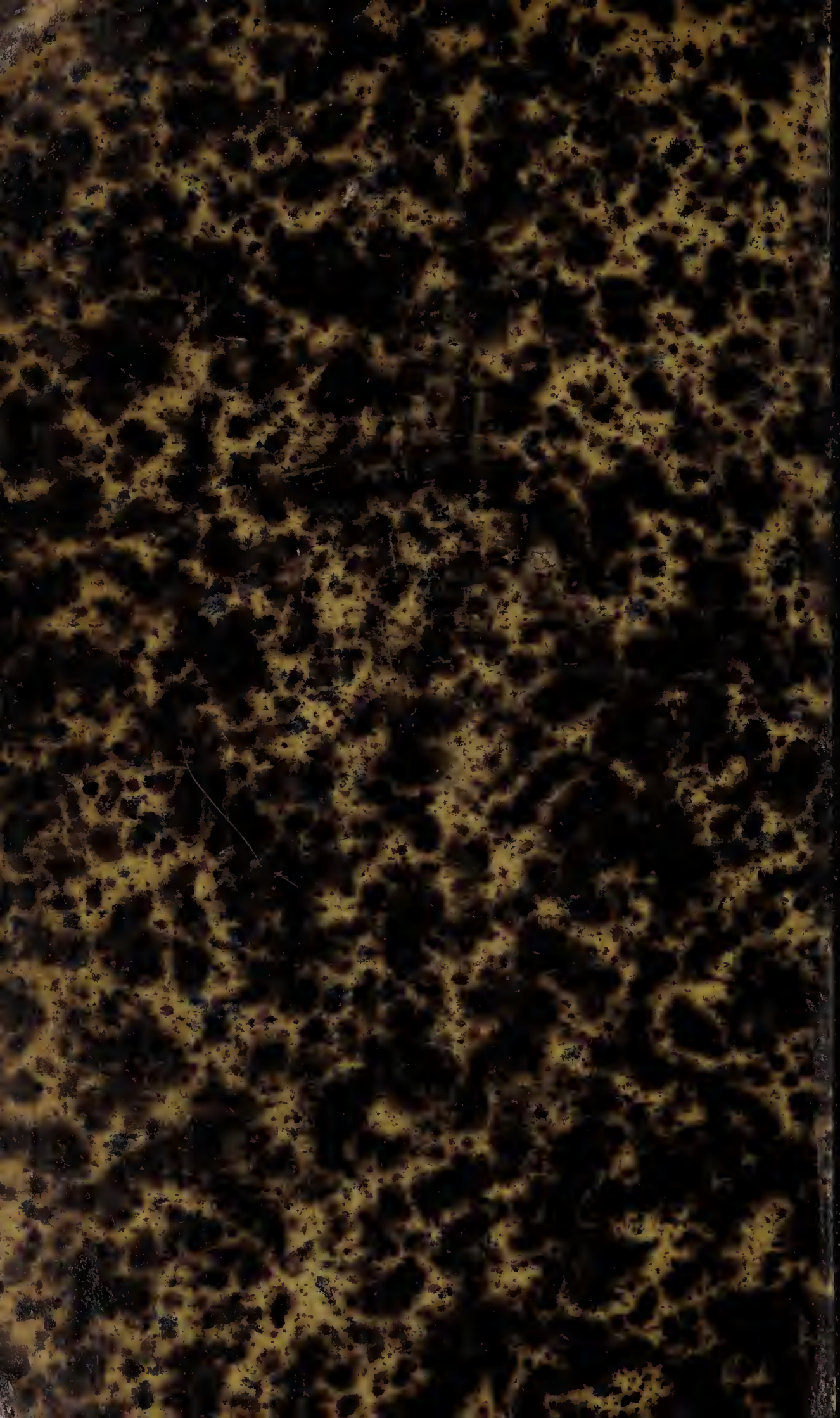
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